THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 728 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 51

COMPENSATION.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Time hath sweet compensations, and the years
Bring love a new and unsuspected strength;
Age halts ashamed and hides his ready tears,
For life's completeness groweth with its strength.

Ah! love, as every year goes spinning past,
I lean upon thy nature more and more;
And it upholds me in the wintry blast
Of keen adversity or sorrow sore.

A tender vine to cherish well I thought
That thou wouldst be, around my manhood curled;
But thine a richer gift than this has brought:
Thy breast doth buttress me against the world.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

An April afternoon. The eve of Lionel Curzon's trial for murder. A day of grace and beauty.

All the morning it had rained, not violently, not coldly, but in soft and summery showers.

Indeed, nature had wept as just a few women can, without disfiguring her lovely face or ruffling her placid bosom.

And at noon the sun had come out and sent his beaming smile across the young green of the fields the dripping foliage of the trees, the hyacinths in my lady's garden, the little, loving primrose by the wayside.

And now, just now, as "his chariot west, ward rolled," some of that gracious, golden light found its way through the harsh, black bars grating a prison window.

Lionel dropped his book, turned to it as though it were friendly human face.

The blessed sunshine! And without the sweet spring day! This to him had been always the dreariest season—when all life awoke the exuberance and glow; when the fish began to leap in the stream; when the crocus held

"A tender leaning
Toward the summer's richer wealth of flowers;"

when the linnet began to sing, the apple trees to bud, the lilacs to bloom.

He knew just how the garden at the Towers must look now. That precious old home of his. He had better not think of it at all.

He turned resolutely away from that daffodil gleam, bent his face again over his book—a changed face, but so subtly altered one could hardly tell wherein the difference lay.

Paler, of course; confinement had its usual effect.

Unsmiling? That was only natural too.

But it was neither the pallor nor the gravity which made one familiar with him look again and more intently.

An air of distrustful weariness; about the reticent, square-cut mouth a bitterness unusually foreign to it; in the dark eyes a shadow—an infinite sadness.

A key scraped in the lock. He did not even lift his head.

What mattered who came—what they said? What mattered anything, since she had failed him?

A man—tall, brown bearded, rather heavily built, a light gray overcoat buttoned across his breast, a high silk hat, irreproachable gloves—the Earl of Silverdale.

"Lionel."

He looked up—nodded.

The newcomer was a daily visitor.

"Any news?"

Lionel gave a short laugh, and pitched his book into the opposite corner.

"How could I hear any?"

My lord sat down on the dingy wooden table, and held his across his knee with both hands.

He thought that by this time to-morrow, when as now, the yellow sunset radiance would be slanting from the walls, Lionel Curzon would either be a free man, or be branded with the mark of Cain.

The same thought passed through the mind of his companion, but neither one spoke.

Where had all the lad's nonchalent serenity gone? Lord Silverdale wondered too.

Calm he was as ever, just as contained, but so silent, so gloomy.

Was he learning the meaning of fear? No! Lionel would never comprehend the cowardice of that word.

Was it being immured so closely, he who had been accustomed to such a supremely free and joyous life, which brought that cloud to his handsome brow?

Or was it the horror of being such a stigma, which was weighing him down at last?

None of these—not one.

As for the Earl himself, who shall say how the haughty heart of his was torn?

On first discovering his wife sin he had resolved to shield her, no matter who else suffered.

A few hours later, when in her boudoir, the motive for that crime flashed upon him; then and later, when he saw her face at the casement of Ivy Tower, did he decide to mete out justice to her—justice only.

But now, when the dreaded day was almost here, recalling the girl he had loved and married, beset by tender memories of her whose head had been pillowed so trustfully upon his bosom, seeing how delicate, how fragile she had grown, his heart failed him.

He had promised to love, to cherish, to protect her!

How was he about to keep that vow? By turning her over to gaping mob; by allowing her to be dragged from proud home, from her own fireside to the goal, the dock, the——

He could think no farther.

He leaped off the table. He commenced striding up and down the bare little room.

He would not!

He was treacherous to Lionel? Yes.

And utterably debased by his last decision? Yes, again.

And criminal himself in thus allowing an innocent man to suffer while screening the guilty? Yes, yes, yes!

All along he had told himself if he could only make up his mind finally as to the right, a certain content—peace would come to him.

He had done so. He was never more racked in spirit.

Obstinately, Lionel had refused to talk with him concerning the murder.

Indeed, the subject was one the Earl himself was chary of discussing.

But even informally, casually, as he knew the accused had spoken to others, he never spoke to him.

Was it possible, could it be possible that he divined—had reason to suspect the truth?

My lord stood still.

"Lionel!"

"Well?"

He would sound him.

"I recollected just now a story of a certain young Curzon—an ancester of yours."

"Yes," indifferently.

He was not thinking of his lordship, of the tradition referred to, nor the probable outcome of the trial to-morrow.

He was wondering how all her days would go by—and if ever a thought, of her many, would wing its way back to him.

Meredith's aching plaint resounded through his heart and soul:

"Dying—and where is she?
Dancing divinely perchance, or over her soft harp strings
Using the past to give pathos to the little song she sings."

"His name was Victor Curzon," pursued his lordship. "He served in a famous battle. One of his companions, his dearest friend, committed some military offence, was sentenced to death. Your Quixotic young progenitor bribed the guards to allow him to take the place of the condemned man. In the dulness of a winter dawn he was led out—shot to death. His friend had been spirited many miles away. Not till months after, in a new and happy home, did he receive his pardon, with the story of its price. Lionel, are you doing as he did—giving your life, perhaps, for a friend?"

The young head was upthrown. The old gay smile curved the prisoner's lips. The old quizzled laughter came back to the bold brown eyes.

"Ah, my lord, you do me too much honor! Have you forgotten the age of chivalry is past?"

The Earl drew a long, relieved breath.

He had no suspicion then. All the mellow sunset shimmer was gone now. The darkness had not yet sent out its silent sentinels.

"News, Lionel!"

Neither had heard the coming footsteps.

With a bang and clatter the door was flung back.

A gentleman—and old gentleman—rushed excitedly in, up to Curzon, dealt him a kindly, but staggering blow on the chest.

"Confound it, you young dog!" he shouted. "I knew you were shielding someone. But I never dreamed—I swear I didn't—that it was the Countess of Silverdale!

CHAPTER LXXX.

Lionel was breathless.

They had found her out. That was his first, his only thought.

My lord swung around at sound of the name uttered so triumphantly by Francis Vale.

That individual was standing, his hands on his hips, his hat on the back of his head, exultance in every wrinkle of his coat, every bristling hair in his fierce, thick moustache.

"Lord Silverdale!"

His jaw dropped.

He had not observed the presence of the Earl when he rushed in so impetuously.

Now he was staggered at confronting him. Not afraid, not dismayed. He simply felt as any well bred man would, the delicacy of the situation in which he found himself.

His lordship bowed gravely.

A moment of silence, unbearable in its intensity.

Lionel took one step forward.

"You must be mad, Vale!" he said.

Mr. Vale's eye snapped; so did his tongue for the matter of that.

"Am I? Well, then, certain evidence is mad, and we have a fair share of that same."

The Earl's glance was fixed on him in a fever of apprehension.

But, as before, it was Curzon who spoke.

"What evidence?"

Mr. Vale took his hands off his hips straightened his hat, and set his lips stubbornly.

"I shan't give you another chance of comparing me to a March hare, my lad. The evidence? Wait and find out!"

And with that the peppery old fellow buttoned up his coat, took off his hat in a painfully polite bow, faced around, and straight as a ramrod on wheels, strode to the door—passed out.

Lionel gave one glance toward the portal then laughed.

"Pshaw! Combustible, isn't he? And yet the best of friends!"

He went over to the corner, picked up the book he had flung there, returned with it, and sat down.

Still as one of the mailed knights in his own hall, my lord stood, just as he had turned to Mr. Vale.

"Lionel, lad," hoarsely, in his tone a great tenderness, "what if—that which he said—were——"

"It must be almost seven, Lord Silverdale. I know you dine at eight. And what would Mrs. Vere say if the soup were cold? Awful thought! Ride hard, your lordship, and Heaven speed you!"

He laughed again—a good, clear, ringing laugh, which showed his firm, white teeth.

He rose, and held out his hand with the unconscious princely grace which many a man had envied him.

"Good night, my lord!"

The words were a dismissal.

In silence the Earl clasped and wrung that proffered hand, in silence went out, mounted his horse and went homeward.

And in the cell he had quitted the lonely occupant lay prone upon the floor, the fore head pressed upon his folded arms.

Thank Heaven, he was alone again! He could not have stood it much longer.

When Vale had dashed in with that voice, word of reprieve, how his heart had bounded! But even if he could go forth to night proven innocent——

What then?

She had doubted, condemned, forsaken him with the rest. What, after all, did the wide world hold for him after this?

Dusk crept up—crept in. The corners were full of gloom. A heavy tread—a key click—a gleam.

Again silence. The turnkey had entered, deposited a candle on the table—gone away.

Sweet and fresh, through the grated space above, swept into the dreary room the breath of the April night

During the afternoon, the lawyers employed by Mr. Vale had been with him. Newspaper men had presented themselves. A few old friends had sent up their cards.

The town was filled with strangers, they told him. All the hotels were crammed. The case had attracted universal attention. The trial promised to be the most interesting ever known in Sussex.

He had listened, smiled quietly, and said nothing.

Now he was not smiling. Now he lay hopeless and still, while in from off the fields that soft delicious breeze "came blowing and blowing."

So long—how long he did not know. But it seemed an hour from the time the Earl had left till the moment when he woke from his dream. A mocking and a tender dream! All of a girl with a pure, proud face, and rosy sweet lips and sunlit hair—all about the dearness of her presence, the comfort and the joy.

A cruel dream. Did he hear the rustle of a woman's gown? Did he catch a faint scent of violets?

He roused himself. Had someone really entered? He turned his head. With one bound he was on his feet. It was—it was she!

Just across the little room the flickering candle-light revealing her slender and dark clad, she stood.

"Lady Iva!"

He barely whispered the name.

She lifted her gloved hand, pushed her

veil up over little round hat.

In the dingy prison cell, ever sweet on a gloom profound, again he saw her face.

How sharp the battles she had fought with pride before she came here to-night, he would never known.

She had recalled every circumstance against him. She remembered his very question asked the morning after the discovery of the murder:

"Supposing some one you knew, some one you cared for, was suspected of having killed him, what would you think?"

All this, and more.

But he loved her. His life was in danger. And so, nerved by that divine self-sacrifice, that passionate self-surrender of which only great hearts are capable, she had come.

By love was she victoriously defeated.

The prisoner did not move, but he looked at her as those long blind may at their dearest when at length they see.

She was very pale. Ah, his quick eye noted all change! Like one of her own snow drops, so timidly blooming now, was that fair cheek of hers.

There were traces of tears upon it, too. More lustrous for their late dew, those brave and beautiful eyes.

She tried to speak. No words came.

He placed her a chair.

"Sit down," gently, "you are tired."

She remained standing.

All his being was filled with the gladness of her presence, vibrant with exultation. But even if his lips were close to her golden head, he would not move until he knew her will.

"I came to tell you—to tell you before to-morrow ——"

The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice. He stepped on toward it, still with outstretched arms, as if to quench upon his breast that voice.

She ceased. Her lips would quiver so!

A sudden bitter thought dawned upon him.

"To tell me you forgive me, or pity me?"

It was said!

She started as if struck. Over that shy, courageous, blush-rose face of hers a carmine glow came sweeping.

"Neither."

Very low, but he heard.

He came nearer.

"What then?"

He was merciless.

"This Lionel—only—that I love you!"

CHAPTER LXXXI.

WHAT evidence?

That was the query which maddened my lord as he rode furiously home through the clear, blue April gloaming.

Was it of any importance, or had they magnified some trivial clue? How in the name of heaven had they come to fasten suspicion on her?

One thing was certain, Lilian must not be allowed to attend the trial to-morrow. Heaven only knew what might transpire, come to light.

He turned in at his gates. A broad-backed woman, in a black shawl, was passing out. She ducked him a respectful courtesy.

He nodded carelessly.

Mrs. Brown? No. He remembered now—the person who had startled him so in the corridor a couple of weeks ago—Mrs. Martin Simpson.

He had not given her unpleasant recognition a thought since.

Lilian had allowed her sister to wear the locket he had given her. That was hardly in the best taste. But bah! why stop to count straws now when a life hung in the balance?

Home!

He leaped off; a groom led Molly Bawn away. He ascended the steps, passed along the wide stone balcony, sweeping round the library windows.

At one he paused—a long, French window—the crystal doors of which stood ajar.

Softly in the night breeze the curtains fluttered.

Within, the high-pedestal lamps at either side of the mantel burned mellowly under their jewelled shades; and directly below one, swaying softly back and forth in a pretty, low rocking-chair of bent wood and plush, my lady.

My lady, with her fair, idle hands clasped behind her dark, cropped head, and a far away almost ethereal look on that little child-like face of hers.

She did not look like a murderess, the Earl thought, with a sudden throb of compassion. Poor little creature.

But he crushed down the kindly impulse, went in.

She looked up at him. There was no kiss of meeting, no fond word as of old. Strangers would have shown more cordiality than he and she.

When others were present,

"Nothing was to see
But calm and concord. Where a speech was due,
There came the speech; when smiles were wanted, too,
Smiles were as ready."

But alone! Then it was different.

"I have been with Lionel," he began abruptly.

She slightly inclined her head.

"And I wish to say to you now that I do not consider it proper you should attend the trial tomorrow."

Stiffly put, but he felt ill at ease.

"I am sorry," very quietly, "to differ from you. I am going."

She had not changed her attitude, just spoken with that unemotional decision.

"You must not, you are far too weak yet. The crush, the excitement—you could not stand them."

He was positively pleading with her.

"I am going!" just as gently as before.

How stubborn she was!

His lordship flushed angrily. To what was she not bent on exposing herself—to what odium, what direct indignity?

'You shall not!"

There was temper enough in his speech.

Her chair kept up its even rocking.

"I shall!"

The Earl clenched his hands.

He was defied.

"Do you know," standing, actually towering, over her, with crimson brow and heaving breast, "do you know what they are saying?"

He was terribly in earnest.

She ceased rocking.

"What?" breathlessly.

Did she surmise? her calm was broken.

"That you," grinding out the words between his tight shut teeth, "that you murdered Sir Geoffrey Damyn!"

"I?"

She leaped to her feet. She poised quiveringly before him.

"I?" she repeated.

Loudly in the silence ticked the clock on the mantel.

There was no mistaking that face, that cry of horror.

"There is peace so calm and bitter that one almost longs for strife."

Such a peace fell on them now.

He turned from her.

She stood quite still—and thought.

She would go to morrow as she had intended. She would tell them how she had stolen out on Christmas night—with what purpose. Tell, too, how Damyn was shot dead before Lionel came in sight.

A sickening silence.

My lord could bear it no longer.

He wheeled around.

"Well," huskily, "what have you to say?"

My lady answered,—

"Nothing!"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

CALL Rick Pollen!"

My Lord of Silverdale leaped from his seat. All along he had controlled himself with a will of iron; but this blow was so totally unexpected, it cut him like a sudden stab.

He sank back.

The trial progressed.

A famous trial indeed!

For a couple of days the incoming trains had disgorged curious crowds at the Rothlyn depot. The village was full to overflowing.

The court, which was the principal one of the new assizes courts, was literally packed—but packed with no common assemblage.

The crime was presumably committed by an aristocrat. The murdered man had been a baronet, his host one of the peers of England. So men of their own order flocked down to this hitherto quiet town, and formed solid and distinguished phalanxes in the court where the trial was in progress.

There, to be sure, were nearly all the guests who had spent Christmas at the Castle; there, too, the Earl and Countess of Silverdale and Lady Iva Romaine.

Every inch of standing room was taken, dead silence reigned, when the court opened and the prisoner was brought in and placed in the dock.

Then a faint murmur rippled around the hall.

He did not seem anxious, nor yet indifferent.

Tall, dashing, handsome, he looked straight down on the upturned faces below, as he took his seat in the dock.

There was no sadness, no weariness in that look now. The high born young face was serene as the sunny April day. A tender, half-repressed delight lit to a new a softer, beauty those unflinching and dauntless eyes.

He bowed to those who sent him a dumb greeting—but absently.

Where was she?

Ah, he saw her! There sitting next her father, who, bolt upright, with grim brows and folded arms, looked straight head.

There his loyal love—his true sweetheart!

Dressed all in silvery gray, a small velvet bonnet framing in most charmingly the soft, loose curls; a knot of violets at her breast; a drift of peachy bloom in her cheeks; a vagrant smile tremulous on her lips.

Their glances met.

He bowed reverently.

Could that be the Countess? How she had changed!

Every vestige of her youth, her beauty, seemed to have fled.

Was remorse the cause? he marvelled, vaguely; or her severe illness?

Then he faced the judge. The counsel for the crown had opened the case.

Quite a formidable array appeared the facts presented.

All the evidence obtained at the inquest was reviewed. The hesitation and confusion of the accused when asked by the Earl if the case was one of suicide; the well-known animosity existing between the young men; the cat's-eye caught in the clothes of deceased; the few hairs which had been proven in hue and texture to to match the prisoner's; the threat of Christmas Eve. A handkerchief, too, had been procured from a servant of the accused; a handkerchief—here the learned gentleman lowered his voice mysteriously—on which blood-stained fingers had been wiped. The court would prove it had been discarded in his room, at the Towers, the day after Christmas.

This, a witness proved.

Indeed, the crown brought forward quite an array of witnesses.

Even the Earl was obliged to go into the box. He had passed a sleepless night—a night of misery. He was wholly unfitted for the ordeal.

Grimly and briefly he responded to the questions asked.

He had heard the threat? Yes. Was not Sir Geoffrey a suitor for his daughter's hand? Yes. The deceased had mentioned the hour he would return from Rothlyn? Yes. Had the prisoner about that hour left his house? Yes.

That was all.

His lordship stepped down.

Another man took his place.

Laborious were the efforts of the prosecution.

The court rose for luncheon.

Resuming, the thread was taken up where dropped.

It was almost three o'clock before the case for the crown ended, and the defence was begun.

The chief counsel for the prisoner was one of the most distinguished advocates of the criminal bar, and his junior also had already made a name in the profession. The opening was calm but confident. Mr. Melrose, Q. C., commenced by dilating upon the terrible nature of the crime, and then reminded the jury that they had heard the prisoner plead "Not guilty." His learned friend and himself, he said, would endeavor to sustain and establish that plea.

The crowd settled itself eagerly to listen, perhaps the trio from the Castle the most absorbed of them all.

Since the commencement of the proceedings they had not risen.

Friends had pressed around at recess, urging them to go out to luncheon.

But they had declined. They were too anxious about the result; they could not eat.

But the Marquis, who still lingered in Sussex, slipped away and came back with claret to eat and drink.

A very silent party. Duskily robed, marble still and marble pale, my lady sat. The Earl was nervous, as he never had been before in all his varied, travelled life.

And Lady Iva? She had not the intense and guilty dread of the others to crush her. But she loved him. And she was most deeply, most thrillingly, anxious.

Outside was a delightful day, blue-skied and sunny, with the scent of all the Rothlyn gardens burdening the frolicking April breeze; inside that dense concourse sat in the stillness of intense interest.

"We have considered," concluded the eloquent leader for the defendant—"we have been impressed with the conviction that the silence of our client, which has been so severely commented upon, was but an honorable reserve on his part, assumed for the purpose of shielding the real criminal. How far our surmises were correct will be proved by our first witness. Call Rick Pollen!"

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

RICK POLLEN!

To the majority of those present the name was unknown. They could not recollect having come across it in the published accounts of the case.

But the Earl of Silverdale recognized it, and half leaped erect.

To the prisoner also was the homely cognomen familiar.

But was it Rick Pollen? Was that the slouching young clodhopper, in tan colored corduroy, who had presented himself to my lord on the morning following the murder—that spruce individual in the checked suit, the massive chain, the scarlet and blue tie, the chokingly high collar?

Yes, there was no doubting the ownership of that carroty countenance, that shock head which all the macassar ever sold would be powerless to subdue.

Being sworn, after one scared and sidelong look at the Earl, he began his testimony.

An amazing story!

Early on the morning of the twenty-sixth of December last, crossing the demesne to the stables, where he had a promise of work, he had seen something shining half in, half out, of a snowdrift. Picked it up. It was a revolver.

Sensation.

Cross questioned. Was he aware of the fact of murder before discovering the weapon?

Yes. His sister had been ill. He had walked into Rothlyn for the doctor early that morning. Had met one of the grooms from the Castle, who told him the news.

Continuing, he declared he had seen the Earl and delivered the revolver to him. The latter had given him fifty pounds to hold his tongue about the business and go to America.

Such a rustle as there was in Court.

This evidence was astounding—incredible.

Every eye turned on Lord Silverdale.

Sullenly, silently he sat between his wife and daughter.

What had my lord done with the weapon? Locked it in a desk.

Half relieved, half shocked, Lionel bent forward—listened.

And Mr. Francis Vale stole a look at him from under his bristling brows, and let a slow, exultant smile grow upon his mouth.

Could that chivalrous and foolish boy call him mad now.

Was anyone else in the room at the time the Earl accepted the weapon—paid him?

Yes.

Yes! His lordship started sharply.

There was not! The lad was lying!

Anyone present?

Slowly, from one countenance to another the round eyes of the witness traveled. Suddenly they stopped—arrested.

His arm sprung straight out from his shoulder. His red forefinger pointed directly at the prisoner.

"Him!"

Electrically effective that solitary, ungrammatical word.

Through the long court a surging murmur ran. Every neck craned forward. Every heart beat harder.

Here was a new complication!

Outwardly stone my lady sat.

The Earl leaned towards the witness with the rest, the veins on his forehead purple and swollen.

With kindling cheeks and puzzled, shining eyes, Lady Iva put all the strength of her soul into simply hearing—comprehending.

Was the witness sure?

Just as sure as he was that he himself was talking. He did not think the Earl knew the other gentleman was there.

Asked to explain, he averred that in following his lordship out of the apartment, they had passed "a kind of holler in the wall, with curtains before it." He had looked in. The prisoner was in there, sitting on a sofa, looking wild and queer-like.

Lionel had known all along, then, and his silence was to screen her.

Those two thoughts crashed through the Earl's brain.

A few more questions—cross-questions.

The witness was allowed to stand down.

The next name called was—

"Jane Carter!"

My lady's own maid! Had she been tampered with—bought?

A brisk middle-aged woman. She rose, took the stand.

Her story was told with an abundance of conscientious detail.

The Countess of Silverdale had taken her into service last October. Christmas night she was not rung for by her ladyship till quite awhile after midnight.

How long? She could not tell, but they had become aware of the murder in the servant's hall, where their regular Christmas ball was being held, before she was summoned.

His lordship was leaving the room as she entered. My lady was shaking all over. Her slippers annd the edge of her gown were wet through; her cloak, lying over the back of a chair in her bedroom, was all crusted about the bottom with half-melted now.

When first questioned she had told the gentleman she knew nothing. Later, her conscience troubled her. The fact that the Countess had been out the night of the murder might be of importance. So she had come to town and found Mr. Curzon's lawyer, and told him about it—that was all.

It was four o'clock now. The sun, slanting westward, sent through the window one long beam of light—advancing, powdery bar of gold.

Not for an instant did the fascinated attention of the great audience swerve, flag.

The case had developed new elements of interest.

They would produce no other witnesses, the leading counsel for the defence declared. But he would, if permitted, group in one brief argument his reasons why the intelligent gentlemen of the jury should release, in all honor and justice, the prisoner at the bar.

At the inquest it had been proved as it was also to day, that on Christmas night Sir Geoffery Damyn has ridden into Rothlyn and written a despatch demanding a copy of his marriage papers; His marriage to whom? To Marguerite Woodville, who had died seven months before that date.

Very well. His lordship had said, during the first inquiry (this also had been admitted), that his wife had doubted the legality of the ceremony between the deceased and her sister. That was the reason he had written to his lawyer for the most convincing proof regarding it.

Very well again. Her ladyship had been out in the snow the night of the murder——

Here the prosecuting counsel objected.

His learned friend was not dealing with the evidence. They were trying the prisoner at the bar—not the noble lady whose name had been so ruthlessly dragged into the unfortunate affair.

But, came the reply, they were only endeavoring to convince the jury that by the stubborn silence the accused had steadily maintained since his arrest, he was guarding another. They must, to clear him, make patent the fact there was another person to screen; and how he became aware of that person's guilt.

He then resumed.

It nad been proved that the Countess of Silverdale was out the night of the murder—that she cherished doubt concerning the conduct of the deceased towards her sister—that the Earl had bribed to silence and banishment the youth who had bought him the revolver—that the prisoner, himself, unseen by his host, had overhead the dialogue.

What more probable than that, actuated by a romantic impulse, he had resolved to suppress his strangely-acquired knowledge?

He was young, generous, impulse, chivalrous, recklessly Quixotic if you will. He could not vindicate himself without criminating a friend. So he simply remained silent.

He had as far as possible refrained from unjust insinuations.

A separate research must decide the late suspicion. He had merely presented a motive for the apparent apathy of his client. He would not leave it to his learned friend to reply.

But his learned friend did not.

There was a stir—a whisper—a buzz.

My lady had risen.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

"THE COUNTESS!"

The words were on every lip.

"Order in the Court!"

A deathly silence succeeded the first tumult of surprise.

Instinctively, as she rose, the Earl put out his hand as though he would force her back.

As quickly he withdrew it.

Let her have her say, he resolved mentally. The suspicion of every creature in the Court had by this time befouled her. Let her speak! There was nothing she could say would condemn her more effectually than the fever of doubt rampant against her had done—must do!

"Little mamma!"

She did not seem to hear Iva's soft cry.

Small, wan-visaged, shadowy-eyed, she faced the bench.

"If the court please," her voice full and rich as ever, "I demand to be sworn."

"You have evidence to offer in this case?"

"I have evidence."

A short consultation between his lordship and the gentlemen of the long robe.

Then the degree was spoken:—

"Let the lady be sworn."

It was the nobleman from Wales who instantly rose and presented his arm.

As courteously as he would have led her in to dinner, he escorted her to the tribunal—to the witness-box.

Oh, that awful sea of faces! Oh, those hundreds of curious, staring eyes—they seemed to gimlet her! How merciless they looked!

For just a second she shrank. Then she took the oath required—spoke.

And save for those unfaltering tones, there was no faintest sound in all that huge and crowded room.

"On Christmas night I was very despondent—for reasons having no bearing upon the case in question. Trouble of a purely domestic nature menaced me. I thought till I was half crazed. I could find only one way out. That way I resolved to take. I stole away to my room. I took from a drawer a revolver I had possessed for some months.

How they bent toward the speaker—that intent and breathless assemblage? How they swallowed every syllable.

The Earl's face was drooped upon his hand.

But Lady Iva, her dark brows knit into an arch of bewilderment, sat attentive—dismayed.

"I had made up my mind to kill myself!"

Herself!

How, then, had her bullet struck Damyn? For surely she was guilty.

A reversal of opinion, a fierce and strong flood-tide had set in.

"I went out—down the avenue—"

She paused.

If they should ask her why!

A voice did.

The Countess could not tell them the truth. She must not say, "I intended to shoot myself just as Sir Geoffrey came in sight, riding up the avenue—to fall before him, so that he, beholding me dead, would not blast my memory by proclaiming my sin to the man I loved."

Then they would ask, "What sin? How did he hold you—the Countess of Silverdale—at his mercy?" and many other equally unanswerable questions.

Clearly she must cloak that one truth.

She turned her large, dark eyes to the judge.

"If I were to fire the friendly shot within the walls of the castle, all my guests would be startled."

"Proceed."

"So I went out through the door window of my room to the stairway without, down that and along the avenue. I was heartsick and nervous. I longed for death."

A queer admission for the envied, wealthy, beautiful young Countess of Silverdale!

They could hardly credit it, those gasping auditors of hers; and yet how confirmative was that pale, pathetic face, under the black plumed hat!

"I heard only when close at hand—so much the thick snow muffled the sound—the tread of hoofs. A man on horseback was approaching. Even as I beheld him he flung himself off.

"'Now,' I heard him cry, 'a reckoning!'

"And he grappled with another man standing a little space away just under a branching tree. His horse galloped furiously by me. I was stunned. I forgot for the moment the purpose for which I had secretly left the house. I watched the struggle. Sir Geoffrey had downed the fellow upon whom he had thrown himself.

"'Take that,' he cried.

"With a final, fierce blow he turned away. The other lay deathly still. Sir Geoffrey was walking towards me. I recalled my resolve to end my unhappy life. I raised my revolver placed it to my temple—"

Silence—the silence of the tomb itself was monarch in that dense assemblage. The sun had withdrawn his golden shaft.

The Earl dropped his hand—raised his head—listened.

Could this be true?

She spoke on:

"Then—just then—the dark figure upon the snow rose. I had thought him mortally hurt. A shot. Sir Geoffrey reeled and fell. I pulled the trigger. My shot—so excited was I—missed, went wild. And then—and not till then—most solemnly do I swear it before heaven, did Lionel Curzon, the prisoner at the bar, come in sight down the avenue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN INVADING ARMY OF OWLS.—A plague of owls has for two weeks disturbed the peace of John Mayer's home in the outskirts of Plainfield, New Jersey, says a despatch from that place.

The first appearance of the feathered creatures was noticed by one of Mr. Mayer's sons, who, in romping about the barn, discovered a snug nest of the young birds. There were no larger owls in sight, and the boy made one of the owlets captive and carried it to the house.

His mother compelled him to restore it to its nest. He had no sooner placed it with the others than one of the older birds appeared and attacked him furiously, beating him in the face with its wings, and scratching with its claws and bills at his eyes.

Shielding himself with his arms, the lad ran away. That afternoon one of the young ladies of the family had occasion to visit the carriage house, where a great owl flew down and alighted on her back. She shook it off with difficulty, and in the struggle had her garments torn.

Since then owls have taken complete possession of the outbuildings and their surroundings. Scores of the birds have followed the first comers, and have made their nests in the barn.

Several have been killed, but this seems only to make the others more fierce. Even the men dare not venture near the nestling places without masks or other protection. The novel defence of umbrellas has been at last adopted, and now when any member of the Mayer family visits the owls' castle he holds a parachute over his head.

Already three umbrellas have been ruined by the birds dashing against them in vain endeavors to reach the faces of the carriers.

The Mayer family are in a state of mind. They don't want to move out, but they can't dispossess their unwelcome and belligerent tenants.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.—Want of energy is a great and and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best-laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress and mother of a family. Those who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience, what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering on its duties without that which is essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty faces and graceful languor, which, as it is especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them ardent lovers, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the fidgety and exacting husbands, into which character ardent and impetuous lovers are often transformed.

HOW DYEING IS DONE.—In what manner is dyeing performed? Dyeing simply means boiling things in copper kettles for the proper time in a solution of dye and water. For what we call "fancy colors" we use the aniline tints that are derived from coal tar.

Every coal bed is a mine of rainbow hues, you know. The aniline dyes employed are chiefly for light blue, maroon, cardinal red and such brilliant effects. Woods ground to coarse powder are largely relied upon by the dyer.

For instance, there is santal wood for ecru, from the Santal wood Islands; logwood for red, from Sicily; gallnuts for silver drabs, from Aleppo; fustic for yellow, from Cuba, and madder root for ecru, from the south of France.

It has been found that madder, alternately fed to and withheld from a growing animal, will color their bones so that in sections they will appear white and yellow in alternate rings from centre to circumference.

You must remember that all these dyes are used in an infinity of combinations. It is rare that one of them is applied pure and simple. One dye for crimson is obtained from the lac insect, scraped from the bark of certain trees in the East Indies.

Bric-a-Brac.

BIRDS ASLEEP.—A very common error is to suppose that birds sleep with the head beneath the wing. No bird ever sleeps so; the head is turned round and laid upon the back, where it is often concealed by feathers.

THE FIGURE "9."—It may be said that no person now living will again date a document without using a "9." It did stands on the extreme right—1889. This year it will take second place—1890, where it will remain ten years. It will then move into the third place—1900, and there will rest a century.

IN SPAIN.—The primitive customs of antiquity prevail in Spain. Grain is still cut with a small reaping hook, and threshed as in the time of the Cæsars—that is, by tramping about with asses hitched to a stone. The plow is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact, almost everything that has to be moved, is carried on their backs.

PERFUMES.—The method in which the most delicate perfumes are obtained from flowers is not of the most æsthetic nature. The flower petals are spread over glasses which have previously been covered with a quarter-inch layer of fat. The glasses are then shut tightly into wooden frames, and before long the fat absorbs all the perfume. The next process is to cup up the fragrant fat in small pieces and put them in alcohol. The perfume at once deserts its oily protector and unites with the alcohol. It is then fit for the market.

HORSES AND TIME.—It has been proved beyond doubt that horses have no notion whatever of keeping time to music, and that at circuses they do not dance according to the tune, but that the musicians have to keep time according to the steps of the animals. Other investigations show that horses do not understand military trumpet signals. It is only the rider or the animal's instinct of imitation which induces horses to make the moves required by the signal; but no horse without a rider, however carefully trained, takes the slightest notice of a trumpet signal, and the same observation has been made on a large number of cavalry horses without riders.

LAWN TENNIS.—The problem of successfully setting our daughters out in life becomes year by year more difficult, so that anxious fathers should feel deeply indebted to an enterprising advertiser in a contemporary for a practical solution. An English paper says young lady players, it appears, are wanted for lawn tennis "selects" exhibition matches. Their expenses will be paid, but their salary will be small. The costume which is to be worn is described as "free;" but whether this refers to its details or whether the statement is a set-off to the reservation as regards the salary, does not transpire. The qualifications for the post are not many and might have been suggested by a Board of Physical Education.

STRENGTH OF PAPER.—A note of the Bank of England, twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much as 329 lbs. upon one end of it, and not be injured in the least. There is also an article made of paper, in the shape of a small kitchen or house truck on wheels, used for wheeling loads around the house. The sides and bottom of this are made of finely compressed paper, and it is capable of bearing a weight of five tons. There are bath tubs and pots made in the same manner, by compressing the paper made out of linen fibres, which is painted over with a composition which becomes part of the paper, and is fire-proof. The tubs never leak, and they may be put on the fire and will not burn. It is impossible to break them with a hammer and failing not injure them in the least.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE.—It not infrequently happens that physicians base their advice to patients, at least in part, upon the latter's financial condition. A case in point: A friend tells me that his daughter consulted a physician, and the latter, having satisfied himself as to the trouble, suggested a trip to the Yosemite. "But my father cannot afford that," said the young lady. "In that case," the doctor replied, "ask him to buy you a pony and a village cart and take a long drive each day." "I am afraid," said his patient, "that papa could not afford that, either." The doctor was equal to the occasion. "Then take a good, long ride in an open horse car every day," he said; "it will do just as much good." My friend's daughter is now engaged in engaged in exploring the suburbs by open street cars, and is improving under the "treatment" which cost just ten cents only.

HEAVY-HEARTED.

BY C. M.

The moon is faded to a narrow rim
Of saddest silver—dull and blind and cold
Hangs the wide sky—the wood with mist is dim,
And all the world seems tired, and worn, and old.

Old hopes, so fondly cherished all in vain—
Old fantasies, which no expression found,
And old familiar places, in my brain
Like dusty wheels are turning round and round.

Just here and there with some poor little ray
Of lovely sort, the web of life is crossed,
Where a good impulse found in action, play
Where a true word was said—the rest is lost.

Oh for the moon to fill her faded rim
With glad, new gold—for morn to come again,
And all the heavy east with sunshine trim:
And yet too well I know such wishes vain.

Not morning, when she lays her ruddy beams
Upon the groundwork of the stars, is bright—
Nor evening, when each rainbow color gleams
Upon his front, unless the heart is light.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THREE DAYS before the papers announced the "serious illness of the Right Hon. the Earl of Arrowdale," Cyril Burne sat at work upon the beach at Lorient.

Brittany is anything but a beastly place, as Jack Wesley had declared, and the prospect of golden sands, deep blue sea and sky, and rugged rocks ought to have filled Cyril's artistic soul with rapture.

But the expression on his face was anything but rapturous, and he worked at his picture with the stolid, dogged countenance of a convict pursuing his allotted task.

Every now and then he stopped painting and stared at the canvas as if he were looking through it, and at such times his head sank upon his breast, and what little light had been in his eyes died out, and a hopeless, sick and sorry look crept over his handsome face; a look which was not good to see on the countenance of a man young, clever, and with all the world before him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that at these times he was thinking of Norah. It would be rather difficult to say when he was not thinking of her; and just as her thoughts of him were full of problems and unanswerable enigmas, so were his of her.

When a man falls in love with a girl, he flatters himself that at least he knows and understands her nature.

For instance: If anyone had asked Cyril to describe Norah, he would have summed her up somewhat in this fashion—

"Beautiful, truthful, loving, honest as the day to all the world, and faithful to me unto death!"

And this girl, this pearl amongst women, had quietly and coolly jilted him; had either grown tired of him in a few days, or thrown him over at the behest of her father.

The more he thought of her and her desertion of him the more bitter he became, the more puzzled, and the more miserable. For, notwithstanding her treatment of him, he knew that he loved her still—that if she chose to turn to him and whistle him to her side he must fly to her, and kneel at her feet just as much her worshipper and slave as he had ever been.

In the words of the Persian poet Sadi, he had given his heart to her, and could not take it back.

'Twas hers, though she should love him never,
'Twas hers for ever and for ever.

Behind him, perched on the cliffs, was the house which Lord Newall had built for himself, but his lordship had gone away and left Cyril sole master. In fact, his lordship had found the young artist so gloomy and morose a companion that he could not stand him for longer than a week, and had flown in self defence.

Cyril would have flown too; quite a hundred times a day he had been assailed by an intense longing to kick his unfinished picture into the sea and start off somewhere, or anywhere; but he had learnt something else beside the knack of painting, and that was, that for his complaint there was no remedy half so efficacious as hard work.

He could manage to forget Norah—say, for a quarter of an hour at a time—while he was painting, and he felt that if he threw up his work and wandered off with nothing to do but brood over his trouble, he should probably go mad.

So he worked on silently and moodily. The good people of Lorient, who are sociable enough if you rub them the right way, could make nothing of the young painter who was staying at "milord's" house. The men got nothing in answer to their genial "Bon jour, monsieur, but a growl, and the girls—most of whom are terribly pretty—as well have cast their smiles at the rocks and stones as bestow them upon the handsome young foreigner who did nothing but paint, paint, paint, or tramp, tramp, tramp up and down the sea shore,

They called him "The Silent Englisher."

On this particular afternoon he went on painting and thinking only, and he was just about to rise and put his things together when he heard a step on the beach behind him.

He did not turn his head, because when he did so the peasants, who occasionally strayed from the fields across the beach, would persist in trying to talk to him, and he kept his eyes fixed sullenly before him until the footsteps came close behind him, and a voice said—

"Good evening, sir."

At the sound of the voice Cyril started round, and at the sight of the speaker let his brush fall.

"Jack!" he exclaimed.

Jack Wesley nodded with his old half-cynical smile.

"How doth the busy bee," he said. "Well, lad, how goes the picture?"

Cyril laughed, still holding his hand and wringing it.

"Why, man, where did you come from?" he demanded. "What on earth brings you here?"

"I will be merciful and not reply the Havre boat and my own legs," said Jack, smiling. "Is there any law, French or otherwise, which forbids me to put foot on Breton shore?"

"I—I couldn't tell you how glad I am to see you if I tried!" said Cyril, his face flushed with the unexpected pleasure. "I was thinking of you not ten minutes ago, I was indeed. How well you look, Jack!"

"And how unwell you look, Cyril!" he retorted, smiling still, but with a sneaking suspicion of tenderness in his voice, for the flush had died out of Cyril's face, and it looked pale and harassed. "What's the matter, lad? Brittany air doesn't suit you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Cyril, avoiding the kindly keen eye.

"And this is the picture?" said Jack, standing before it.

"Yes," said Cyril, glad to get away from the subject of his looks. "What do you think of it?"

"Pretty, very," replied Jack, after a long stare at it. "I like the composition. That piece of gray-green is good, decidedly good."

Then he stopped and looked hard at it, and went behind the easel and stared at the back of it.

"What on earth are you looking for?" asked Cyril, half smilingly.

"The heart in it," replied Jack laconically.

Cyril colored.

"You may look all day and not find it," he said bitterly, "because there is no heart in it. But never mind the picture. Here, help me with these things, and let us get up to the house."

They shouldered the easel and things and climbed the beach, talking as they went, and Jack noticed that Cyril talked continuously, as if he were afraid of a pause.

They reached the house, and were soon seated at the meal which served Cyril as dinner and supper combined.

"And now tell me all the news, old man," he said. "Try some of these cigars;" they are not bad. Lord, now you are here I know I have missed you!"

"That's nice," said Jack parenthetically. "In absence the heart grows fonder. Yes, not a bad cigar. News—there is none. The House of Commons——"

"Hang the House of Commons!" broke in Cyril. "I've heard of your success, Jack, and I meant to write to you," he added, rather shamefacedly, "but, though I haven't written you know I'm glad enough. I always knew you'd be famous. The paper I saw the review of your book in said you were the coming poet, and for once a paper did not lie. And I suppose you are the lion of the off-season, and will roar all through the next one. Dear old Jack!"

"Not much of a lion," said Jack gruffly. There was only one subject he hated more than another, and that was his books. "I expect you'll do all the roaring, and none of the rest of us will be able to make ourselves heard."

Cyril shook his head.

"My roar will be a whine," he said moodily. "I'm good for nothing; a failure of the very first magnitude. But go on."

Instead of going on, Jack, after a glance at him, looked round the room, which was furnished like a fashionable hunting box, but lined with pictures, amongst them being some of Cyril's earlier ones, showing that Lord Newall had taken a very solid fancy to Cyril's work.

"Comfortable quarters you've got," he said. "But, by the way, where is Lord Newall, for of course this is his place? I beg his lordship's pardon for not thinking of him before."

"Oh, he's gone," said Cyril. "He was to have stayed for a month, but he found a week of my genial society sufficient. He fled the gay and festive scene which my cheery presence was rapidly transforming into a third class funeral."

"And how did he like the picture?" asked Jack.

"I don't think he liked it at all," replied Cyril, "if I may judge from his remarks. He observed that it wasn't up to my usual form, and I could have forgive him—if I hadn't felt that he spoke the truth, confound him!"

"A little off color?" said Jack.

"Yes, but I shall be all right now," responded Cyril, with a great attempt at cheerfulness, as he puffed at his pipe. "I wanted a glimpse of you, old man, that was what I wanted. There will be some heart in the daub now, you'll see."

And when do you come back?" asked Jack, making himself comfortable on a rustic couch, over which a costly tiger skin had been thrown.

"Never," said Cyril. "That is," catching himself up, "I'm not sure. I shan't hurry; I like Brittany. It suits me; it's—it's lonely and quiet and ——"

"Better than Santleigh?" put in Jack quietly.

Cyril winced as if he had been struck, and his face grew red.

"Yes," he replied grimly, "better than Santleigh. Jack, if you love me, don't mention the place—not to-night, at any rate. There are chords in the human heart——"

He tried to laugh mockingly, but try as he would or could the laugh died away, and he turned his head aside.

"What's the matter with Santleigh?" asked Jack in a matter-of-fact tone, but still watching the harassed face before him covertly. "I thought the presence of a certain young lady beautified it and made it a distinct and precious Paradise."

Cyril choked back a groan.

"For God's sake, don't chaff me, Jack!" he said, and his voice shook. "If you knew all——"

"Tell me all," he said quietly.

"Man, I can't!" broke out Cyril in a smothered voice. "It's bad enough to think of, impossible to put into words."

"What has happened? Is she dead?"

Cyril started.

"That's a good word, Jack. Yes, she is dead—dead to me, at any rate. Jack, I've been almost mad. I think if you had not turned up this evening I really should have gone melancholy silly. Don't say a word, and I'll tell you—I've lost her!"

Jack was silent a moment as he slowly refilled his pipe.

"You've lost her?" he said quietly. "That bears rather a wide significance. What do you mean?"

"Do you want the proper word in all its vulgar brutality?" asked Cyril almost savagely. "Have it then! She has jilted me! There, now you know what's the matter with me, and why you can't find any heart in my picture. I've no heart to put into it. Yes, she has jilted me, thrown me over as she would cast aside a worn-out glove, and I'm such a miserable imitation of a man that I'm wearing myself into a shadow over her."

He laughed bitterly.

"You know what the Spanish proverb says, that 'man was made for woman, and woman was made for herself.'" And it's true, by Heaven! For if she is false—and she is—there is not a true unselfish woman in the world."

"That's rather a large order," said Jack under his breath. "Why has she thrown you over, lad?"

"Ask of the winds that blow at even," retorted Cyril, with a bitter laugh. "Why shouldn't she, you mean? Why should the daughter of an earl be faithful to a man who she thinks is only a poor devil of an artist? I know it all, I can see it all. Heaven knows I've thought enough about it to enable me to arrive at the truth! It was all very well while I was with her, but when she was left to herself, to think of what she had done, to face the fear of her father—and yet—oh, Jack, I believed in her up to the hilt!"

"Why don't you write to her?" asked Jack after a moment's pause.

Cyril laughed.

"Why don't I? Oh, my good Caesar, what a question! I have written to her—twice. I put my heart into the letter, though I haven't into the picture. I implored her—there, that's enough! I begged her to write me one word, and—'the rest is silence,' as Hamlet says."

"She would not even write?"

"She would not write even a word," said Cyril grimly. "Not even the word 'Go!' Great Heaven, when I think of her I wonder whether I have not been dreaming; so true she seemed, so pure—the driven snow seemed not so pure, so unsullied as she was. And so brave—nothing should separate us, she said over and over again. I can hear her now."

He looked before him with fixed eyes, as if indeed he heard Norah's voice, and his head sank upon his breast.

"Yes, it was a dream, and sweet enough while it lasted; it's the awaking that is so bad. And it is bad, old man."

"And you are awake?" said Jack. "That's something; for Heaven's sake keep so! I'm sorry for you, lad; but after all there's something besides love in the world. It would be a bad sort of world for all of us if there weren't. You've your art left you; that's the mistress who never betrays you, never! Stick to her, lad, pay your devotions at her shrine, and reap your reward."

Cyril rose and looked down at him with a bitter smile.

"You are a good fellow, Jack," he said, "and I've reason for being fond of you, and I admire you. Yes, my admiration runs on all fours with my love and gratitude, but when I hear you talk like that I want to laugh, I want to laugh badly. You talk like a book, but like a book that describes mountain scenery by a man who has never been higher than Primrose Hill. You're a poet, but you don't know what love means—you haven't the A B C of it even. Did you never see a woman who touched your heart?" he wound up savagely.

Jack Wesley puffed at his pipe with downcast eyes, then he raised them to Cyril's worn face.

"That's a straight question," he said slowly, "and deserves a straight answer. Judge for yourself. You said just now that I was the lion of this off season. That may or may not be. Anyhow, for some reason best known to themselves, the people who collect lions in their drawing-rooms have done me the honor to ask me to go and roar—or bray—in them of late. Generally I refuse, but the other night I went to one of their confounded receptions. The card of invitation was marked 'small and early.' The was a terrific crush, and everybody came late. I poked my nose inside the door, and, not liking the prospect of being jostled in a crowd in a hot room, was bolting, when a woman I didn't know from Eve, but who turned out to be the lady of the house who had asked me, came up, and after saying something pleasant offered to introduce me to a young lady who was a lioness. She hadn't written a volume of poems, or committed any crime of that kind, but she was simply famous for her beauty and her—charms, as the old-fashioned writers used to put it."

Cyril sank into his chair and, leaning his head upon his hand, listened rather listlessly.

"I'm not a painter," went on Jack Wesley slowly, and stretching his long limbs on the couch easefully, "and so I can't describe her. I only know that—well, she took my breath away. I daresay there are many more beautiful women in the world. I haven't taken much stock of them in the flesh; mine are born in my imagination; but this young person 'fetched' me in a manner peculiar and strange. She was neither dark nor fair. I remember she had a kind of red-gold hair, and that her face had very little color in it—what we writers call ivory-white, if I mistake not; and her eyes—I don't think I can tell you their color. They might have been brown, but I am not sure they were not blue; let's say they were violet. And when she spoke a faint shadowy kind of smile came over her face like the play of moonlight upon water. I beg your pardon if I grow poetical, but this young lady deserved all the poetry a man could grind out. Her voice—I heard her before I spoke to her—was like music; not the loud obtrusive kind of music, but soft and low; the sort that steals over you and sets your heart aching with pleasure and pain nicely mixed."

Cyril stifled a groan.

"Heaven and earth!" he muttered. Every word recalled Norah, and he seemed to see her float like a vision before him.

"She was dressed," Jack went on slowly, "well, I suppose she was the best dressed woman in the room. I'm not a painter; but

if I were I'd try to paint that girl, and I'd succeeded—but I never should succeed—I'd remark, 'Finis,' and lay down my brush."

Cyril laughed grimly and wearily.

"You are in love with her."

"Just so," retorted Jack philosophically." I was. I forgot all the rest of the people. I was deaf to the noise of the idiots cackling and laughing; I ceased to hear the man at the piano who had been making life a burden to me, I thought of nothing but this beautiful creature with the face of an angel—angel be hanged; a woman!—and I thought: 'Jack, my friend, if ever you fall in love, fall in love with someone like this, if you can find another like her. For here, enshrined in this lovely casket, is a heart of surpassing tenderness and truth. Here is the great prize for which mankind is ever striving. Here is a pearl and a ruby, not to say a diamond, above price. If ever purity, and unselfishness, and innocence of all sordid emotions dwelt in a human heart, they dwell in the heart of this exquisite specimen of womanhood. Her smile is as the perfume of Shiraz; her voice is like that of the turtle that flies over Damascus; her face is a dream and a delight——"

Cyril groaned again. Norah flitted before him.

"And then I spoke to her. And she smiled. I thought I would try and win her good grace, for—oh! my friend, I happened to know the man who loved her, and I thought, cunningly, that his name would bring a blush to her face, and I said something like this: 'I trust you will not receive me altogether as a stranger, for I hold as friend the man who loves you, Lady Norrh—Cyril Burne."

Cyril sprang to his feet.

"What! You have seen her! It was Norah?"

"It was Lady Norah Arrowdale," said Jack slowly, and dwelling significantly upon the full title.

Cyril strode forward, and grasped him by the shoulder.

"And—and what did she say?" he demanded almost inaudibly.

Jack Wesley looked at him pityingly.

"She said—in her musical voice," he said grimly, "'You are mistaken; Mr. Cyril Burne is no friend of mine.'"

Cyril's hand fell from Jack's shoulder, and he dropped back into the chair and hid his face in his hands.

Jack rose and stood before him, and laid both hands on his shoulders.

"And then I knew that either some devilish work had come between this lovely creature and the man who loved her, or that a woman could be as fair as Eve, look as tender as a lily in the morning dew, and yet be utterly heartless, and I resolved to go to my friend and help him smash up his illusions, help him tear this Fata Morgana from his heart and be a man again."

A solemn silence reigned in the room.

Jack's voice broke it again."

"I inquired about her afterwards, and I heard that the man who had won her heart—if she possessed one—was a certain Guildford Berton——"

Cyril started.

"I saw him before I came away. A good looking man—just the man to touch a statue in the semblance of a woman: just the man to take effect upon——" He stopped suddenly, and a change came over his face, "Stop. Don't heed what I said, lad! By Heaven! even as I spoke the recollection of her face broke in upon me, and I cannot—I cannot believe her false, aye, even with her own words in my ears——"

Cyril started with a harsh laugh.

"I know," he cried. "Oh, I know! She has cast her spell over you! But—but—oh, Jack, I'd written to her—I was going to send it to-morrow!" He took a letter from his pocket. "Here it is! See!" He tore it into fragments and tossed it on to the wood fire burning on the open hearth. "I'm awake now, thanks to you, and there goes the great—the one sweet dream of my life! Fill your glass, Jack—fill it up, and let us drink perdition to all women."

And with a laugh that was more like a sob he raised his glass on high.

Certainly Guildford Berton's luck stood by him with extraordinary faithfulness, for, if Jack had not gone to Brittany, Norah would have had that letter!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOR DAYS Norah scarcely left the earl's side. Paralysis does not always destroy life; it is sometimes satisfied with killing the brain, depriving its victim of the use of his limbs, and rendering him helpless and expressionless as a child.

The earl had lived a life of extreme quietude and care for some years past, and it came to his assistance and kept death at bay; but he was speechless and almost helpless.

Gradually a slight improvement set in; they were able to prop him up with pillows, and it seemed to Norah that though he could not speak he understood what she said to him.

She noticed, with the improvement in his strength, a certain change in his manner—if indeed anything so inexpressive could be called manner—towards her. She found that his dim eyes brightened slightly when she spoke to him, and often in the night watches, when she thought him asleep, she would find his eyes set upon her fixedly, as if he were trying to remember or say something.

She would have loved her father with all a daughter's love from the first moment of her home coming; indeed, she had loved him though he had done his best to freeze all tenderness within her; but now that he was thrown upon her care the treasures of love and tenderness in her heart welled out towards him, and she loved him as only a woman can love the being who is dependent upon her.

The nurse and doctor, who had looked upon her as just a fashionable and perhaps spoiled beauty, were inwardly astonished at her devotion, and the doctor declared that it was not he, but Lady Norah, who kept life going in the feeble stricken frame.

Mr. Guildford Berton still remained in the house, and, as of old, transacted all business for the earl.

Every now and then he paid a visit to the sick-room, and stood beside the bed murmuring words of comfort to the old man; and at such times the earl fixed his eyes upon him with a strange look which Norah could not interpret; but he never attempted to speak, and showed neither pleasure nor impatience at "his young friend's" visits.

Mr. Petherick had been sent for directly the improvement set in, and tried to awaken a gleam of intelligence in the old man, but failed. The earl looked at him with the same vacant, fixed stare, but displayed no recognition.

"This is very sad for you, my dear," said the old lawyer to Norah, his eyes blinking behind his glasses, as he looked at the lovely face so pale and patient, and recalled the young girl who came so brightly into the sitting-room of the Devonshire cottage. "I am afraid you will knock yourself up. They tell me that you take scarcely any rest."

"Oh, but I do, said Norah with her quiet smile, "and this is not hard work sitting here."

"The hardest I can imagine for a young girl as fond of the open air as you are," he said, shaking his head. "It is a great responsibility. I wish the young viscount were here," he added gravely.

"Can he not be found?" asked Norah. She had heard a great deal of this nephew of the earl, this young man who would be the next earl—perhaps so soon!—and master of Santleigh Court. "It seems so strange his keeping in hiding all this time. Surely he must see the account of papa's illness in the papers?"

"Yes, he would if he were in England," said Mr. Petherick thoughtfully. "But I am afraid he is not. You see, he is a most extraordinary and erratic young man, and unless he chooses to come forward and declare himself, I'm afraid we shall not find him."

At this moment Guildford Berton entered the room in his noiseless fashion.

"You are speaking of the viscount?" he said in a low voice. "Every effort is being made to find him, Mr. Petherick."

"Have you advertised in the newspapers?"

"Well, no," replied Guildford Berton suavely. "Not yet. I scarcely—you see, the earl may recover—I mean sufficiently to be conscious of what is going on, and I fancy—indeed, I am sure—that he would be extremely angry if we took that step."

Mr. Petherick glanced at the motionless figure propped up by the pillows, and shook his head.

"Besides," said Guildford Berton, "I am certain Lord Santleigh is not in England, and unless we know to what part of the world he has betaken himself, we can scarcely advertise."

Mr. Petherick was still afraid of the earl, and he shrank from taking the responsibility of advertising such a public hue and cry.

"Perhaps we had better wait a little longer," he said, temporizing in true legal style. "That is an extremely sensible young man," he remarked to Norah as Guildford Berton left the room. "I don't think I ever met a clearer head for business, and he appears to have been very kind and—attentive."

"Oh, yes," assented Norah, trying to put some warmth of gratitude into her tone, and failing. "Mr. Berton is the closest friend papa has, and has done everything since he has been ill."

"Very kind, very kind indeed" murmured Mr. Petherick.

He went up and touched the thin white hand lying on the coverlid by way of farewell, and the earl looked at him, and from him to Norah.

"I—er—almost think his lordship is trying to speak to me," he said. "I feel certain he knows me. Do you wish to give me any instructions, my lord?" he asked anxiously; but the earl stared at him vacantly as before, and Mr. Petherick, who remembered his client a stalwart young young man, coughed, and blew his nose, as is the fashion with men with men when they are nearly moved to tears.

Standing there, looking at the wreck before him, he forgot the many slights and snubs he had endured at the hands of "the superfine earl," and recalled only the best side of his nature.

"And most just and upright man, the earl, your father, my dear," he said, with a suspicious falter in his pipy voice. "It distresses me more than I can say to see him in this condition."

And he went his way as sadly regretful as if the earl had been the sweetest tempered of men and the mildest of clients.

When a fortnight had passed Norah noticed a certain vague restlessness in the earl's glance.

"It is something he wants," she said to the doctor with tears in her eyes. "And I canno. think what it is, though I try for hours at a time. Do you think he wants to get back to the Court?"

"It is possible," replied Sir Andrew. "At any rate, the change can do him no harm; indeed, it may benefit him. Try it, Lady Norah—that is, if you wish to."

Now, Norah did wish to get back very much, though she could scarcely have told why. It certainly would seem as if it could matter very little to her whether she sat in a chair beside his bed in Park Lane or Santleigh Court; she would acknowledge to herself the true reason; that at Santleigh Court she would not have to live in the same house with Mr. Guildford Berton.

He had been very kind, as devoted to the earl and herself as a man could be, and yet——!

She knew that he never entered the room but that a chill swept over, that she could scarcely meet the glance of his dark sombre eyes without showing the repugnance which his presence awoke in her.

Lady Ferndale was strongly in favor of the removal to the Court.

"London is the worst place in the world to be ill in dear," she said; "and I'm thinking of yourself too. You will be able to get out into the garden, and on the terrace. Oh, yes, let us take him back. Poor, poor old man! I used to laugh at his proud, haughty, King George airs; I wish he'd let me laugh at him now!" And her eyes filled with tears; not so much for the earl as for her dear girl, as she called Norah.

Mr. Guildford Berton, as usual, took charge of all the arrangements; got the invalid carriage, ordered the special train, had another invalid carriage in readiness at the Santleigh Station, and behaved, as Lady Ferndale said, as if he were the earl's son.

"Really, dear," she said to Norah, "Guildford Berton has behaved wonderfully, and he fills me with shame and remorse. Not one man in a thousand would have done what he has done, or have done it with a better manner. He makes no fuss over anything, however much trouble it may give him. I wonder he hasn't insisted upon sitting up with the earl!"

"He has," said Norah gently, "but that was my place, Lady Ferndale, and I could not resign it to anyone, not even to Mr. Guildford Berton."

The change from Park Lane to the Court did the earl neither good nor harm; but as Norah stepped out on the balcony on the evening of their return she drew a deep breath of thankfulness and relief, and tried to persuade herself that it was because of her fondness for the grand old place that she was so glad to get back.

As she stood leaning on the stone rail, and looking sadly and wistfully across the velvety lawns to the woods over which the autumn mist was gathering in a thin veil-like cloud, Guildford Berton came out and stood beside her.

"I have come to say good-night," he said in his soft [illegible].

"You—you are not going home?" said Norah. "Will you not remain the night?" she added as cordially as she could. He shook his head.

"Thank you, no. I don't think I shall be needed; indeed you will not allow me to help you. But *if* I should be, you will send a message to the cottage, will you not?"

"Yes, I will," resounded Norah, and her tone was more genial than usual, for she could not help remembering all he had done for the earl and herself. "I should like to try and thank you, Mr. Berton," she began, but he put up his white, thin hand deprecatingly.

"Please do not," he said, and his voice sank almost to a murmur. "I have done so little."

"You have done a great deal—everything," put in Nora justly.

"So little compared with what I should like to have done!" he said.

"When my father is well he will be able to thank you better than I can," said Norah.

"He cannot thank me half so well, even if I deserved or desired thanks," he murmured. "One word from you, Lady Norah, outweighs a world of gratitude, and would repay me for the sacrifice of my life."

Norah flushed and then turned pale as the usual chill swept over her. "I—I must go back now," she said.

"I should like to say good-night to the earl," he said, and he entered the room with her.

The earl was sitting up, looking none the worse for his journey, which had been rendered as easy as gold—the great smoother of all things—could make it.

He glanced from Guildford Berton to Norah and back again, and his lips twitched.

"He seems no worse," he said. "Indeed, I think the change has improved him."

Norah went and took the wasted hand.

"You are better, papa?" she murmured lovingly.

The old man looked at her for a moment, then at the pale, sombre face beside her, and his lips twitched again.

Norah sighed.

"Do you think—sometimes I cannot help thinking—that there is something on his mind?" she said. "Something that he wishes to tell me or you? He looks from one to the other of us so strangely."

Guildford Berton was silent for a moment. An idea, startling in its audacity, flashed into his mind.

"Can you guess what it is?" Norah asked anxiously, forgetting in her eagerness that it was Guildford Berton she was addressing.

Still he remained silent, and Norah, struck by his silence, looked at him.

"You have some idea," she said. "Please tell me what it is! It may be something that he wants me to do for him. What is it?"

"Yes, I have an idea," he said. "But—" he paused, "I do not think I can tell you to-night."

"Why not?" asked Norah, her forehead wrinkling, and looking from him to the set, vacant face.

"Not to-night," he said; "to-morrow, perhaps. No, Lady Norah, I—well, I have not the courage."

"Not the courage!" repeated Norah, looking at him with surprise as he stood with pale face and downcast eyes.

"No," he said. "If I told you my interpretation you would be angry, and I cannot afford that you should be angry with me."

Norah sank into the chair beside the bed.

"I do not understand," she said coldly, her heart beating with an indefinable presentiment. "Why should I be angry, Mr. Berton?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONG LOST BROTHERS.—A ticket seller in the Union Depot, at Atlanta, Ga., relates the following incident as having occured there recently; "A man came up to my window and asked for a ticket to Palmetto. Another man was standing just behind and made the same request. As I handed out the two tickets, No. 1 said to No. 2:

"'Are you going to Palmetto?'

"'I am,' was the answer.

"The two men looked hard at each other for a minute, and then No. 2 asked:

"'What's your name?'

"'Rooney, John Rooney. What's yours?'

"'Frank Rooney. I thought I knew you. You are my brother.'

"The two men were brothers, and had not seen each other in forty years."

Mrs. Pennifeather.—"Goodness gracious! I wonder what has become of all my tarts?"

Mr. Pennifeather—"Where did you put them?"

Mrs. Pennifeather—"Right on the window sill, here."

"Mr. Pennifeather—"That accounts for it. You have carelessly exposed them to the sun."

WAITING AT THE STILE.

BY RUDE.

He's yonder at the stile,
He's waiting there for me;
I'll greet him with a smile,
His heart shall dance for glee.

For when I saw him last,
I was cruel and unkind;
I'll atone now for the past,
And with smiles his spirit bind.

How fickle and untrue
He must have thought me then!
If all my heart he knew,
He would never doubt again.

He has loved me long, and shown
That his love is all sincere;
And, if the truth were known,
To me he's quite as dear.

He's waiting at the stile,
Where first his love he told;
I'll dower him with a smile,
More to him than pearls or gold.

Phœbe Fosbrooke.

BY JESSY.

ALL THE VILLAGE said that Harry Cooper was in love with Phœbe Fosbrooke; and for once, what all the village said was true. There was no denying that Harry had even let his anvil cool, and his fire grow low, whilst watching pretty Phœbe's tripping footsteps down the lane, for the mere chance of a smiling nod, or a shy "good-morning."

Now, whether Phœbe returned his love or not was another matter, though it would have been no wonder if she had, for Harry was, without doubt, the handsomest fellow in all Milton-Marshbrook, ay, or in the whole country round.

Verging on six feet high, he was strong and stalwart in proportion, with a frank, open countenance, set off by masses of rich brown hair, close, bushy whiskers, and eyes that—well, ask the girls about them.

Now Phœbe Fosbrooke was just the girl to win the heart of a handsome Hercules like Harry. She was slight and fragile-looking, as if she needed a strong arm and a brave heart to shield her through the rough winds of life.

Still, knowing what I did of Phœbe's antecedents, I was very unwilling to believe that she had given poor Harry any serious encouragement.

So I let things take their own course, hoping that it would all prove mere village gossip, as far at least as Phœbe was concerned, when one sweet summer evening, I strolled down to the little smithy (did I tell you that Harry was our village blacksmith?) on some errand from my father; but although it was still quite early, the place was shut up, and no Harry to be seen. My heart misgave me at once, and I turned hastily through the little white gate adjoining, where he and his widowed mother lived, and passing quickly up the trim garden, fragrant with crowds of roses, pinks, sweet-briar, honeysuckle, and mignonette, knocked at the half-open door scarcely awaiting the "come in," before I stepped across the threshold into the cleanest of all clean kitchens, where Mrs. Cooper, a comely, middle-aged woman, sat at her solitary tea.

"Is Harry at home?" I asked, almost without waiting to answer her civil greeting.

"No, Miss Lucy, he isn't," she replied; "do please sit down; he seldom is at home now in the evening." There was a slight, very suspicious smile lurking about her mouth as she said this.

"Why, he does not go to the cricket-field, does he?" I inquired, hoping to get the information I wanted without exactly asking for it.

"Oh, no, ma'am," she replied, "but I daresay you've heard the village talk. Young men will be young men, you know, ma'am; and young girls, too, for the matter of that."

"Well, then, I'll wish you good evening, Mrs. Cooper, as Harry is not at home," said I. "I'll send down in the morning."

Declining Mrs. Cooper's pressing invitation to sit down and rest a bit, I retraced my steps through the little wicket, and turned off in the direction of Esther Fosbrooke's cottage.

Esther had been an old servant of ours, in the days when servants kept their places, and had left us late in life to marry John Fosbrooke; hence the interest I took in all that related to pretty Phœbe, who was her only child. I found Esther sitting before her cottage door, busily occupied with her knitting.

"Well, Esther," said I, "how are you to-night? Is Phœbe at home?"

"No, Miss Lucy, she isn't," was the answer, which was just what I expected.

"Do you know where she is?" was the next inquiry, drawing forth much the same reply. Plainly, Esther was in no communicative mood that evening.

"Ah, well, never mind," said I; "I shall meet with her somewhere, I daresay."

With a farewell nod I passed on, leaving Esther looking after me with a rather perplexed expression of countenance.

There was a quiet, secluded lane a little further on, leading to some pleasant breezy fields, one of which was rented by Harry, whose mother kept a cow, and had long been noted for the richest cream-cheese and the sweetest butter in all the country round.

Now, down this lane, and to this field I felt quite certain that Harry and Phœbe had gone together; and so it proved. A sudden turn in the lane brought them full in sight, sitting side by side on some fallen hedgerow timber. They did not see me at first, and I had time to notice the rapturous look on Harry's face and the downcast bashes that glowed in Phœbe's.

She was the first to perceive my approach, and jumped up in a moment, occasioning thereby a very suspicious backward movement of Harry's left arm. He too rose, and greeted me in his customary civil manner. Phœbe dropped a hurried curtsey, and looked painfully confused and uncomfortable.

"Phœbe," I began, after acknowledging Harry's bow, "I have just been to your mother's. Can you spare me five minutes?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, to be sure," she replied.

Without noticing Harry's surprised look, Phœbe turned quickly away, and walked back with me. We were both silent for a little while, and I was the first to speak.

"So, Phœbe," I began, "it's all true I find about you and Harry Cooper. I am afraid you are bringing sad trouble upon yourself."

"Oh, don't say that, ma'am, pray," she replied, bursting into tears. "I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't; and it's not likely that Stephen will care anything about me now, after all these years."

The faithless damsel, be it known, had plighted herself to a young sailor when she was seventeen, and had faithfully promised to wait his return from a long voyage; but time passed on, and poor Stephen Blake never came back.

Now, he being the son of our old parish clerk, who had said "Amen" as long as I could remember, we all felt an interest in him, scarcely inferior to that we took in Phœbe; and having made up our minds that he and no other was to be her husband, it was rather tantalizing to have our anticipations frustrated by a seemingly irresistible fellow like Harry.

"Besides," continued poor Phœbe, wiping her eyes, "he's got married long ago, I daresay."

"No, Phœbe, don't say that," I replied; "you know as well as I do that Stephen never yet gave up anything he had set his heart upon. I shall never forget the night before he left, when he came up to our house looking as white as a sheet, and begged me to see his dear Phœbe now and then, and cheer her up while he was away. I have not forgotten that night, Phœbe, if you have."

"I've not forgotten it either, Miss Lucy," said the girl, sobbing bitterly; "but you know very well he has never written to me or any one else since the first year he was away, and that's four years ago next May-day. His poor father used to say he knew Stephen must be dead."

"But, suppose he's alive," said I; "and suppose he comes back some day, what then?"

A low shivering sob was all the answer.

"Phœbe," I continued, "you are very, very wrong. You have no proof either that Stephen Blake is dead, or that he has forgotten you; yet I have no doubt in my own mind that after solemnly promising to be his wife, you have now pledged yourself to another man."

"Oh, Miss Lucy," she sobbed, wringing her hands in her distress; "I'm very, very unhappy. I know how wrong it is, but I can't help it. I never cared for Stephen like I do for Harry, though I though I did then; but I was so young, I didn't know my own mind."

"And you realy mean to marry Harry, then?"

There was no answer, but I guessed what that meant well enough.

"Soon?" I asked.

"Before Christmas," was the half-inaudible reply.

"Then if ever poor Stephen does come back, I pray it may be before then," said I, with indignant emphasis.

Phœbe answered only by her sobs, and we walked on in silence till we reached her mother's door, where I left her, promising to see her again on the morrow. However, it so happened that several days passed before I saw her; and when I did, she studiously avoided all mention of Harry, and seemed nervously anxious to avoid all private communication between us.

So time passed on till about the beginning of corn harvest, when sundry indications of the approaching wedding set all the village gossips on the alert. Harry's cottage was undergoing a complete renovation, both inside and out.

One or two trifling articles of new furniture had been seen to arrive; and that Harry himself had ordered a complete new suit, there was indisputable evidence. Miss Carter, too, the village dressmaker, had been seen at work on a clear muslin dress of delicate color and pattern, and various odds and ends of white satin ribbon had by no means escaped the keen eyes of her numerous visitors. But, above all, the mysterious silence she observed, and the deaf ear she turned to all direct and indirect questions on the subject, were unanimously pronounced conclusive—and so it proved.

One bright, lovely morning, in the beginning of September, when the trees wore their deepest green, and the flowers their gayest colors, Harry Cooper and Phœbe Fosbrooke pledged their vows at the sacred altar of the quiet village church.

The day had been kept a profound secret, so there were very few present. The pretty bride was very pale and tearful, and a perceptible shiver shook her frame when the awful words, "I require and charge ye both," &c., were addressed to each in solemn and impressive tones.

No accusing thoughts, however, harbored in Harry's breast. He looked perfectly radiant with happiness, and handsomer than ever.

The wedding feast was held at Mrs. Fosbrooke's, and by degrees Phœbe forgot her tremors, and looked almost herself again. Harry had importuned me to look in upon them, if only for half an hour; and Phœbe, too, had made a faint attempt at persuasion.

But there had certainly been a coolness between us, for I could not yet forget her falsehood and fickleness towards Stephen, poor fellow, who, I felt sure, would come back some day; and if he did, would not be likely to take quietly the bitter wrong that had been done him, for he had always been of a quick, impulsive disposition, and by no means slow to feel and resent an injury.

Phœbe soon appeared to have lost sight of everything unpleasant in the world, and grew brighter, prettier, and rosier than ever. How happy she looked as she passed up to the church door on a Sunday morning, leaning on her husband's arm, and he bending down his tall form to talk to her, proud even of her very helplessness!

Towards the close of the first year of their married life a little daughter was born to them; but it only lived a few months, and this was Phœbe's first great sorrow. She was months before she recovered anything like her usual cheerfulness, and seemed as if she never would become quite her old self again.

One evening in Autumn, about six months after her babe's death, I had occasion to call at their cottage on some errand from my mother.

It was fast growing dusk, the wind was gradually rising; and though there was a moon, it was only visible occasionally when the leaden-colored clouds parted and it shone out bright and clear, only to be obscured again the next minute.

In one of these fitful gleams, just as I had approached within a short distance of the white wicket, I fancied I discerned the distinct outline of a man standing motionless against the tangled mass of roses, jessamine, and ivy that grew thickly round the window, and whose straggling branches would effectually screen him from the observation of any one inside.

"It is Harry," I thought, "taking a peep at his darling before he opens the door."

Thinking this, I loitered, that I might give him time to enter the house before me.

The moon had again disappeared as I opened the gate, but I could easily have seen if the watcher were still there; however, he was gone.

I stooped down to pluck a late rose that blossomed by the path, and as I did so, I fancied I heard a stealthy step, and a sound as of bushes being cautiously pushed aside. It was so slight, however, that, after a momentary look around, I persuaded myself that it must be the wind, though with a slight feeling of nervousness, and a determination to ask Harry to see me back through the most lonely part of my way.

Quite expecting to see Harry seated by his wife's side, I gave a preliminary knock and walked in. Phœbe was there, and alone; but knitting her hands, it is true, but they rested idly in her lap, and her gaze was fixed upon the fire.

She had not heard my knock, and started up with a quick flush of surprise when she saw me.

"What, all alone, Phœbe?" said I. "Is not Harry come in yet?"

"No, Miss Lucy," she replied; "I wish he was, for it's very lonely sitting here." And she sighed heavily as she spoke.

I was just on the point of saying, "Why, I certainly saw him looking through the window," but some undefined feeling kept me silent, and I only said, "But why don't you lock the door these dark evenings when you are by yourself?"

"Well, ma'am, I ought perhaps," she replied; "but it seems natural to leave it on the latch for Harry."

"But suppose some one else should come in, instead of Harry!"

The instant I had said this I repented, but it was too late. She gave a startled look at me, and said, "Why, who should come in besides Harry? You were not thinking—Oh, Miss Lucy," said she, springing up, "you have heard something about—about him!"

"I have not, indeed, Phœbe, I replied, hastily; but a sudden fear struck me as I spoke that made me turn away, and cast a keen glance at the window where I had seen—ah, who? "But," said I, after a slight pause, "I must say I think you not prudent to sit here at night, alone, with the door unlocked and the shutters unfastened."

"You are sure you have heard nothing?" she repeated, with an earnest gaze in my face, as though to read there the truth of what I said.

"Quite sure," I replied; "you must be nervous to-night, Phœbe, or you would never think of such a think. But I hear Harry;" and, as I spoke he lifted the latch, and walked in.

As Harry entered, my eye fell on his jacket; it was dark, if not black; the man I saw at the window had on a light, rough great-coat. Who could it be?

Her husband's presence seem to cheer Phœbe up at once, and she laughingly told him of my caution to her about sitting with door and window unfastened.

"We have quiet neighbors, ma'am, though none too near," he replied, smiling; "and I don't believe there's a human being in the world who would harm us,—not about here at any rate; and we have not many tramps."

I could not help another glance at the window as he said this, but there was nothing to be seen. So I got up; and, having delivered my message, drew my shawl closer round me, and prepared to go. Harry rose, too, and took his hat. I hesitated, and tried to summon courage to proceed alone, but it would not do; I felt undeniably nervous and uncomfortable.

On our way home we talked of Phœbe; how she had mourned her lost babe; how uncertain her spirits were since, and how she strove to hide her troubles in his presence.

"She always puts on a glad look when I come in, Miss Lucy," said Harry; "no matter how down she feels. I wonder sometimes how she would bear it if anything happened to me."

How she would bear it was to be proved sooner than poor Harry thought, for he was fated never to see her or his home again. Early in the morning his lifeless body was found by the side of No-Man's-Hollow; the trampled state of the soil and grass bearing witness to a violent struggle having taken place. Oh, how I raved at my own cowardliness, that was the cause perhaps of his untimely death!

As soon as I could summon courage to face the unhappy widow I went down to see her, but I might just as well have stayed away. She had had a succession of fainting fits ever since the first shock, and now lay perfectly senseless.

So I turned sadly away, went out of the house, and walked slowly down the little garden towards the white gate. In my way something caught my veil, it was a branch of sweet briar, and it suddenly flashed across my mind that it was close by that bush I had noticed the suspicious rustling the night before.

Quick as thought I turned back, and pushing aside the branches, regardless of sharp thorns and torn fingers, I made my way through, and stood on the exact spot where I had seen the mysterious figure the night before.

I looked round, hoping to find some clue to disperse or corroborate my suspicions; but there was nothing to be seen; and, perplexed and disappointed, I took my way home.

Of course the affair was fully investigated, but without any satisfactory result. Two boys had deposed to having heard loud, angry voices in the direction of No-Man's-Hollow, about the time when the murder must have been committed; and the landlady of the "Dolphin" had served a stray traveller with a glass of rum-and-water just as day was closing.

As soon as I heard this, I made some excuse for a visit to her, hoping to get some information on the subject, which she was quite ready to communicate.

"Did she notice her dress?" I asked.

"Yes, sure," said she; "a thick, light greatcoat, with a great, slouching hat, which half hid his face—leastways, that and a large handkerchief tied right up to his mouth did."

"Did he talk much?" I asked.

"Well, not much," she replied; "to be sure, he had asked a question or two."

"About any one in particular?" was my next inquiry.

"No," said she; he seemed to want to know what had been going on in the village—who had been married, or buried, and so on."

"Phœbe's marriage had been talked about, then?" said I.

"Well, yes; but just as she was telling him he dropped his glass of rum and water; and that put her so about that she took little more notice of him, though, to be sure, he did pay for it; and, besides, forgot to wait for his chance; and she had called after him, but he made no answer, and walked staggering like."

"And what o'clock was that?" I asked.

"Just half past six," she replied; "for she remembered thinking how late her husband was to his tea."

Half-past six, and it was just an hour afterwards that I went down to Phœbe's cottage.

It would take him less than half that time to walk from the Dolphin; so he might have been watching poor Phœbe a long time before I saw him. No wonder he dropped his glass of rum and water, poor fellow! no wonder he staggered and forgot his change!

All was clear enough to be: Stephen had come back, loving, and constant, to claim his promised bride; the shock of her marriage had maddened him; he had unfortunately met with Harry, and the result was murder.

However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and let things take their own course. The police of the district owned themselves baffled, and a detective arrived from London, but with no better succes. so the excitement gradually died away. The poor young widow lingered for months on the verge of the grave, and only recovered her health to fall into a state of hopeless lifelotey.

She was quite harmless, and seemed even happy in her innocent delusions, one of which was that Harry was coming to marry her on the morrow, and her time was chiefly occupied in preparations for the wedding.

So her life ebbed peacefully away for nearly seven years, when, after a short illness, she was called away to join her beloved husband in that land where parting is unknown.

Many, many years afterwards, and on the anniversary of Harry's death, a poor, miserable, half-clad, half-starved wanderer, was found quite dead on the simple stone that covered the remains of Harry and Phœbe Cooper.

An inquest was held over him, and he was buried in a secluded corner of the little churchyard; but if only knew that the poor outcast that they committed to the grave was the unhappy murderer, Stephen Blake.

FREAKS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

WHEN we consider the undecipherable character of many people's handwriting, and the scope for mistakes which the manipulation of the telegraphic instrument affords, it is not to be wondered at that messages are often made to assume meanings very different from those intended by their senders.

But though a good deal is to be put down to these two causes, there is no doubt that the carelessness of many telegraph clerks has a decided tendency to bewilder the recipients of despatches written on the familiar pink paper.

When an operator is puzzled over a word, he too often makes a guess at its meaning, heedless of the trouble and annoyance that may be caused by his not taking the pains to decipher the characters before him.

We do not wish for one moment to defend the equally culpable carelessness of people who can write a legible hand if they feel so inclined, but who prefer to dash off a telegraphic message in a free and easy sort of way, thus giving wholly unnecessary work to the unfortunate clerk who has to forward it.

It must be remembered, however, that many senders of telegrams have not received a sufficiently good education to enable them to write a good hand, and that a sudden calamity may very well have so disturbing an effect upon a person of weak nerves that, for the time being, he or she is physically incapable of inditing a despatch in such a manner that it may be easily read. For such cases of these, the clerk should have a little consideration, even if this leads to his spending a couple of minutes longer than need be over the message.

In the height of the holiday season this summer a gentleman wired to the manager of the largest hotel at a popular seaside resort, asking him to prepare for the reception of "four or five—two ladies." He meant to convey the impression that his party would consist of either four or five persons, two of whon would be ladies in any case.

Either his writing was bad, or the telegraph clerk was thinking of his own holidays when then despatch came before him—at any rate, the hotel manager to whom the message was addressed had the following put into his hands. "Prepare for forty-five and two ladies. Will arrive by 5 20 train."

He was naturally rather staggered at such an order, particularly as the busy season was in full swing, but he set to work to the best of his ability, and made what preparations were needed for the advent of so large a party. His disgust when the train which he met discharged two ladies and two gentlemen who inquired the whereabouts of his hotel may be imagined. He was, of course, put to a considerable loss over the business, and talked of charging the slender of the message for the three-and-forty guests for whom he had superfluously provided. The gentleman, however, disclaimed all responsibility, and referred the irate caterer to the telegraph department.

The recipient of a telegram which said, "You will be pleased to hear that your sister has entered into an engagement with your father's apostle," must have wondered as to the kind of man his future brother-in-law was likely to be. Had he known that the last word of the despatch should have read "approval," his mystification would have been at an end.

An Australian telegraph company once had to pay heavily for the misplaced smartness of one of their employes. This young man was handed a message which ran, "Meet me at 12 30 to-morrow with my horse and Shep." The wire was from a wealthy Squatter to his foreman, and was intended to convey his desire to be met at the railway station, situated some thirty miles from his run, with his saddle horse and a favorite dog.

In his wisdom, the clerk thought that the sender must have omitted an "e" in the last word either from ignorance or accident. He accordingly wired to the foreman to bring "sheep," instead of "Shep." The man was surprised at his masters orders, for the weather was very hot, and he knew that to drive all the sheep to the station by the time the train named arrived would certainly mean that many of them would die on the way.

However, he supposed that there must be a good reason for this strange order—perhaps some purchaser, who could not spare time to come out to the run, was coming with his master to the station with a view to buying a number of sheep—and so set himself to carry it out. He managed to get the whole of the flock to the station by the hour mentioned in the telegram, but, as he had feared, many of the sheep had succumbed to the hardship of the long, forced march in the hot season.

When the squatter reached the end of his railway journey, he was perfectly amazed to see the plain white with thousands of his sheep, while his foreman stood near holding his horse by the bridle. A few words, and a hurried inspection of the telegram which had been the cause of all the mischief, showed him exactly what had happened.

He sent in a claim for heavy damages to the company, and, though they attempted to contest it, they were obliged to accede to his demands.

A gentleman on the eve of coming up to the city for a few day's enjoyment, wired to an agent who looked after some house property of his in the metropolis, to "take two stalls at the Strand." The message, as delivered at its destination, read "take two stables at the Strand." The agent was at a loss to conceive the meaning of this strange order.

However, he reflected that even if his correspondent wanted stables in this particular part of the city, he knew enough of its geography to be perfectly well aware that frontage in so busy a throughfare is too valuable to be occupied by buildings of the kind, and therefore wired back asking for a repetition of the message just received.

Another despatch, telling him to "take two stalls at the Strand Theatre," showed him how it came about that the former one was of so curious a nature.

An ironmaster in the north of England once received a wire from America telling him to "send rails in foot lengths." This message was the outcome of negotiations which he had been carrying on for some time past with a firm on this side of the Atlantic, and, though he wondered why the rails should be required in such short lengths, he lost no time in completing the order and sending them across.

The telegram should have read, "send rails, ten foot lengths, and the result of the alteration was that many tons of rails of an utterly useless size were sent three thousand miles and more.

In this case there was a claim for damages made against the Telegraph Company for alleged carelessness on the part of their clerk, but the original despatch was produced, and the word "ten" was shown so conclusively to have been written in such a manner as to be far more like "in" that the sender of the telegram had to bear the loss incurred.

A devoted wife was once sentenced to an agonizing journey of a couple of hours' duration through the carelessness of a telegraphic operator. Her husband was at a cottage which they had hired at a seaside village some thirty miles from their home.

She was coming to him there for a few days, and, on the morning of her departure, he was smitten with a desire to see his little daughter, so wired to her to "bring Dot with you." The message, as delivered to her, read "bring Dr. with you."

She naturally jumped at the conclusion that her husband had been taken seriously ill in this out-of-the-way spot, and, being without the services of a medical man there had sent word to her to bring the family doctor.

She rushed away to this practitioner's house, fortunately caught him just as he was about to start on his rounds, and almost dragged him with her to the station and into the train for Hampton. Her fears were allayed by the appearance of her husband on the platform apparently in the best of health.

The medico, who had been brought away from his patients in this unnecessary manner, was persuaded to send a wire to a brother practitioner asking him to take charge of those cases which required attention, and to spend a couple of days in recruiting himself in company with the man whom he had come to nurse.

The ignorance often shown of the way in which telegraphic messages are sent is apt to lead to amusing scenes in the post office. Every one knows the story of the Irish laborer who hung a pair of boots over the wires in the expectation of their being spirited away to his brother in an adjacent county.

A few years ago it was quite a common occurrence to find that country folk held views regarding telegraphy similar to his. People would march into an office, and hand a sealed letter to the clerk, with the request that it might be telegraphed, and would display great indignation when they were told it was necessary that their communications should be confided to the operator. Such ignorance is, however, getting less common every year, and, no doubt, occurrences of the kind will soon be unknown.

WHAT BETRAYED HIM.—They were trying hard not to look like a bride and groom, but an incident happened that gave them clean away. They stepped out of the Ebbitt House yesterday afternoon for a walk. The young man looked at the threatening sky and then, with the solicitude peculiar to young husbands, concluded that he had better raise his umbrella, and then his beloved would be protected when the rain did come. So he unfastened the band of his natty umbrella, gave it a little flirt and then raised it. About a pint of rice showered down on his head and scattered over the pavement. The spectators roared, and the bride giggled nervously, and the young man beat a hasty retreat into the hotel to get the rice out of his hair.

The hand of Law strikes the poor; its shadow strikes the wealthy.

Scientific and Useful.

RAT TRAPS.—A curious trap at the Patent Office is an imitation rat that has a piece of toasted cheese stuck on the end of a little spear that projects from it nose a short distance. When a real rat comes un to nibble at the cheese the spear jumps out about six inches and impales the unfortunate.

PAINT-BRUSHES.—To soften paint-brushes which have become hardened by paint drying on them, soak in turpentine and renew the fluid occasionally. To keep them soft when not using, wash thoroughly with turpentine after using, or, if this is objectionable, keep them in water. This will exclude oxygen or air, without which oil-paint cannot dry.

IVORY.—Ivory ornaments are quickly cleansed by brushing them with a new, not very sharp tooth brush to which little soap is given; then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry the trinket and brush a little, and continue brushing until the lustre reappears—which can be increased by pouring some alcohol on the brush and applying it to the trinket. Should this have become yellow, dry it in a gentle heat and it will appear as if new.

LEAD POISONING.—Cases of lead poisoning among the Jacquard weavers in a Swiss factory were traced to the dust from lead-en weights which are used by the weavers to carry the thread of their warp. After the varnish has been rubbed off from the weights, the lead begins to wear away and falls in fine particles among the dust on the floor. In some cases the dust was as much as 56.36 per cent. lead, and even when the utmost care had been taken, nine or ten per cent. of lead was found in it.

THE BARNYARD FOWL.—A new device of domestic economy is applied to the common barnyard fowl, and is called the "hen persuader." It is simply a piece of strong wire, shaped like a long fork without a handle, and fastened about the hen's ankle with the prongs extending rearward. In this way the fowl is rendered unable to scratch, and, not being able to move backward because the prongs of the persuader stick into the ground when she tries to do so, she must needs keep on going ahead all the time, which conduces to the finding of the greatest possible number of bugs and to the cheap nutrition of the bird.

Farm and Garden.

THE GARDEN.—Irrigation of the garden may be done with pipes leading from a windmill, but something depends on the location of the garden plot. If water is plentiful, and irrigation practiced in dry weather, there will be a large yield compared with present methods.

NUTS.—Those who have made a specialty of nuts state that it pays to grow them, more especially if the tree is of a kind that can be converted into valuable lumber in the future. The larger such trees are the more valuable the land they occupy. Even if but a year or two old, they add greater value to the land.

SEEDS.—If seeds does not germinate, produce seed from elsewhere. It is sometimes the case that seeds are damaged, not only by exposure or by age, and a complete change may be beneficial. If the soil is cold, however, a large proportion of seed will rot in the ground for lack of sufficient warmth to induce germination.

IMPROVEMENT.—Although farmers owe much to the breeders of thoroughbred stock for the wonderful improvement made within the past fifty years, yet it is doubtful if they have done more than the seedsmen and others who have introduced so many superior fruits and vegetables during that time. Those who have conferred the benefits have done so without the advantages of protection under patent regulations, their work being given to the public with but little, if any, benefit to the originators.

WHAT IS A SILO?—A silo may be a pit, a stong bin or any kind of receptacle that will sustain great pressure and that is air-tight. A barrel in a hogshead, the barrel surrounded by earth, or any material that excludes the air, is one kind of a silo, though a small one, and the corner of the barn or cellar boxed, and made strong and tight, answers the purpose. Or the silo may be a trench in the ground. It is whatever may be used, according to the device of the farmer, providing it answers the purpose intended, whether for preserving large or small quantities of green food.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These two splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

The Need of Observing.

So natural is observation to us, that we in common language allude to in cases where there is really nothing to observe. When we are perplexed and in difficulty about the absent or the future, and take counsel together in order that, by our union we may overcome the difficulty, our words of natural encouragement are, "Let us see!" and when we have exercised our thoughts rightly, and the difficulty is overcome to our mind, our expression of triumph is, "Now we see our way."

Also, whenever we fail in that which we attempt, or err in the performance of it, the cause of the failure or the error is, that "We do not see our way." To see our way, and to see it clearly, ought therefore, in all matters to be our very first object. Indeed, the only difference between the ignorant and the intelligent is, that the former grope, as it were, in the dark, and the latter see the end of matters, as if the road were open and straight, and the noon day sun shining upon it.

This seeing with the mind, this light of the understanding, is far more valuable to us, than the common light of day. It is our own, a light within us, nothing can cloud it: darkness itself cannot hide it, if it be once kindled in the proper manner, and to the proper extent.

But though its illuminating influence be within, we must at first light it up from without: and though it be the candle of the mind it can only be lighted by knowledge obtained through the medium of those senses with which our all-bountiful Creator has furnished us.

The exercise of those senses is observation; and that is the foundation of all knowledge, and the original source of all pleasure, whether that which we immediately know or enjoy be or be not present to the senses. What we thus obtain is inalienably vested in us for the whole period of our lives.

That which we have in our coffers may decay through time, or be destroyed by accident; or it may be taken from us, or we from it; and that which is told to us by others may be false, or we may forget it because of the weakness of the impression that it made; but that which we see with our own eyes, or otherwise perceive with our own senses, is proof against accidents, against time and against forgetfulness.

In the case of old people, even after their power of observation is decayed, and when they are, as we would say, in their dotage, we find that they enjoy themselves and are happy in the memory of their young years. Not only so: but when, insensible, as it were, to the present, they glance back for pleasure to the days that have lived, the earlier in life the occurrence is, they remember it the better.

And past events, and past objects, get more shadowy, not as they are more remote, as is the case with views in space, but as they are nearer to the present time. The man of fourscore may forget that he was a man of threescore and ten; but he never forgets that he was a boy; and one of the reasons why very old people are so fond of the society of children is, that the recollections of age, and even manhood, are comparatively faint on their memories, and they actually remember, and think, and enjoy themselves as children, after they cease to find pleasure as men.

Good taste is a true economist. It may be practical on small means, and sweeten the lot of labor as well as of ease. It is all the more enjoyed indeed when associated with industry and the performance of duty. Even the lot of poverty is elevated by taste. It exhibits itself in the economies of the household; it gives brightness and grace to the humblest dwelling; it produces refinement, it engendeis goodwill, and creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Thus good taste, associated with kindness, sympathy and intelligence may elevate and adorn even the lowliest lot.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would enable, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.

Just expectations are valuable things. Many people are toned up to their best endeavors by knowing that much is expected of them. The desire is strong within them that the good opinion which some one has formed of them should be upheld, and they make strenuous efforts to this end. Whoever has had much to do with children knows how powerfully this motive will influence them, and added years seldom decrease its force. To preserve the influence, however it is essential that only that should be expected which can be rendered.

Every one who suffers in pangs of discontent believes the cause to lie in something which he wants and cannot get, a something which he has and cannot get rid of—some unsatisfied longing, some trial to be borne, some hope deferred, some haunting fear. He feels sure that, could this longing be satisfied, this trial be removed, this hope realized, this fear dispelled, his discontent would vanish like dew before the sun. Yet again and again these things actually finds another more grievous, and fastens upon that with a redoubled sense of woe.

As manhood and womanhood open up, discrimination is necessary between what ought to be remembered and what it were better to forget. One good general rule which holds through life is to forget as speedily as possible the evil which we see around us and even within us; for evil, like a plant, thrives in the light and withers in the darkness. Brought into open view, talked about, thought about, and stored in remembrance, its tendency is to reproduce itself.

Nothing can be more certain than that the character can be sustained and strengthened only by its own energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision; otherwise it will be able neither to resist evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing firmly, when to yield, however slightly, might be only the first step in a down-hill course to ruin.

He who amasses wealth, not as an equitable return for value given, but by underhand dealing or oppression of the poor, or gambling on a high or low scale, has been engaged in no honorable competition. He who climbs into power, not by proving himself the fittest man to wield it, but by pushing down and crowding them out, desecrates the name of emulation.

An act of kindness, a word of sympathy, may render the line of life different from what it would otherwise have been. There are crises in many a life when the course it shall take for weal or for woe depends upon a slight influence—almost a single word. How careful then should we be that our influence may at all times be in the right direction!

Whoever is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken unto counsel;" whereas the foolish man, being, in proportion to his folly, full of himself and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own—and for that very reason, because it is his own.

The battle of life has to be fought, and is unavoidable; but the weapons it has to be fought with, the spirit which is to guide the combatant, the object to be fought for, and the kind of victory to be won, these are all to a large extent within the discretion of every individual soldier.

One of the "precious uses" of adversity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindness . . . and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hatred aside, and hold out a hand to the fallen friends of old days.

Families as well as individuals should look on it as a misfortune to be always tranquil, to see everything succeeding to their wishes, and to have nothing to suffer for the love of God.

We must descend to earth to regulate the necessities of this life, but in all things our heart should relish only the dew of God's pleasure and refer all to the praise of God.

The World's Happenings.

New York has over a hundred hotels.

Of every million people in the world 800 are blind.

A horse can eat conveniently for 20 hours out of the 24.

There are 13 000 different kinds of postage stamps used in the world.

Electric cars are running successfully with storage batteries in Buda-Pesth.

The people of the United States consume $200 000,000 worth of eggs in a year.

A Paw Paw (Mich.) man worth $100 000 carried water for the circus and thus got inside the tent free.

A flock of about 1000 swallows have taken possession of the chimney of a church at Red Bank, N. J.

According to the latest reports of the Ministers of Education, there are 40,000 primary schools in Russia.

Atlanta has "a pump that occasionally pumps itself," to the great alarm of superstitious persons in the neighborhood.

At a bear and bull fight in San Diego county, California, the bear had everything its own way, and three bull were killed.

A swarm of bees took possession of the soda fountain in a Montezuma, Ga., drug store Sunday, and put an end to business for the rest of the day.

One hundred boys and girls of Woodland, Cal., whose ages range from 12 to 18 years, have formed a "Co-operative Fruit Canning and Drying Union."

Dr Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, is said to be at work on a new invention which he believes, will make ice at one-tenth the present cost.

A snake was discovered coiled up inside a piano at Sulphur Springs, Texas, the other day. It fought valiantly before it was dislodged from its musical home and killed.

It is said that from the summit of Mount Blanc one can see the Tyrol, portions of France, Germany and Austria, the Mediterranean, and Italy as far as the Apennines.

Two boys fought a duel with knives, near Columbus, S. C., Friday night. One was killed, being stabbed through the heart, and the other was terribly cut about the throat.

A circus manager in Lyons announces that on the occasion of the wedding of his daughter, which was to take place in a few days, his circus will be open all day free of charge.

The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Literature." The book weighs twelve pounds and is eleven inches in thickness.

A Dayton, Me., man says that his town does not owe a cent and has $2000 in the treasury, and that neither a lawyer, doctor nor minister resides within its limits, neither is there a church in the town.

There is a great demand for metal furniture in Australia, not only for household use, but in places of business, school houses, etc. The demand is caused by the ravages of the white ant, which eats all kinds of wood.

John Drew Fisher, the actor, who died in Brooklyn on the 25th ult., was the fifth of his family who died at the same hour of the same day of the same month. His mother, brother, two sisters and himself died in different years, but always at 7 A. M. on Sunday in May.

A monster crab was landed in a net from a wharf in San Diego last Thursday by L. C. Bragg. The body measured sixteen inches across, while the nippers was thirty-six inches. This giant crustacean was ornamented with barnacles of five years growth.

The German Emperor always has a large box filled with orders when he is on his travels, the value of which is some $20,000. He is fond of suddenly producing one of these, with the needful diploma and giving it to somebody who is not expecting anything of the kind.

George Bidwell, the famous ticket-of-leave man, who served fourteen and one-half years on a life sentence in British prisons for the great $5,000,000 forgery on the Bank of England, has 25 acres of property near Muskegon, Mich., and is there now looking it over. His home is now in Hartford, Conn.

"Three weeks ago," says a Cincinnati correspondent, "Richard L. Edwards, nineteen years old, was drowned while rowing on the Ohio. His body was recovered to-day near Rising Sun, Ind. When the young man fell into the river his hair was coal black; that of the body is perfectly white. Fright doubtless made the change while he was struggling for life."

A large eagle attacked a boy named Faulkner, near Plainfield, N. J., on a recent Sunday, and lacerated him terribly about the chest. The boy, though much frightened, grasped the bird and choked it, and then, throwing it to the ground, broke its wing by jumping on it. The eagle was then secured and taken alive to Plainfield, where it was exhibited in a store window.

A Pittsburg peddler, just recovering from the effects of a debauch, got himself committed to jail for five days, in order that he might be free, for a short time at least, from the temptation of taking more liquor. As he was walking to prison, alone he became thirsty and offered to sell his commitment to a passer by for twenty-five cents, but as the proposal was naturally declined, the peddler went on his way to voluntary incarceration.

One of the prettiest and most sensible girls in Mount Carmel, Conn., Miss Nellie Patterson, has just finished a four years' apprenticeship, and is now earning her living as a full-fledged machinist. She had to make her way in life, so she learned the work for which she had a natural bent. Now she is pronounced as clever and efficient as any workman in the shop where she is employed, while her success has been accomplished without any sacrifice of womanliness.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

BY J. C. F.

Not one, but legion, are the forms and places,
Laughing and lovely, solemn and serene,
Which come with all their wonders and thir graces
From Memory's treasure-halls, where they have been
Hoarded with miser passion. Spenser's sheen
And grandeur of romance; great Shakspere's Muse,
Which holds all human sympathies between
The foldings of her pinions; Milton's hues
Stolen from the deathless amaranths of Heaven,
And woven in his own seraphic song;
These to my weakened faculties are given,
An ever-moving, ever pleasing throng,
Until I stand, enraptured and alone,
In a strange world of beauty, boundless, and my own!

Old Peder's Treasure.

BY J. CASSELL.

IN a narrow valley leading from a beautiful Norwegian Fjord, and nestling at the base of enormous snow-crowned mountains, which hemmed it on three sides, stood a small wooden house.

It was a painted a soft, creamy yellow, picked out with bands of brown, after the fashion of the country.

Here lived old Peder Grundtvig and his granddaughter Hansine, who filled the place of companion and servant. It was a wild, out-of-the-way spot; not even approached by a regular road.

One had to scramble over a stony path, and through numerous little rivulets that trickled down from the roaring precipices above in order to reach it. The nearest cottage was quite three English miles distant; for the inhabitants of the valley mostly preferred being closer to the Fjord, and further away from the great, frowning mountains.

In the winter time they blocked out the sun, so that it never penetrated, and often huge boulders would come rolling down from the grim heights with a noise of thunder, carrying destruction in their train.

Moreover, it was said that a band of robbers roamed among those snowy altitudes, carrying off the peasants, goats and cows.

But stout old Peder Grundtvig, in whose veins ran the blood of the mighty Yaris and Vikings, laughed at such women's tales as these, and declared them to be without foundation.

Even when Ola Erichsen lost three fine fat sheep, he still refused to believe in the robbers.

"Nowadays we have none in our country," he said, quite seriously. "The Government does not allow them."

He spoke of the Government with great awe; perhaps because he knew so little about it; for often that institution inspires the most reverence with which we are the least acquainted.

Peder was a strange, solitary man. The simple peasants looked askance at him, because he never came to church, nor saluted them when they happened to meet; and they whispered among themselves that he was surely a little mad; for all day long Peder did nothing but dig, dig, dig.

One hardly ever saw him without a spade in his hand, and the rumor became rife that he had formed a league with the devil, and was searching for something unholy.

His deep set, black eyes, that they gleamed like living coals from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows, confirmed the impression.

So the peasants mumbled a prayer when they chanced to meet, and left him and Hansine to themselves. As for Hansine, they bore her no ill will.

During the long winter evenings Peder would sit crouching over the fire—or, more correctly speaking, the stove—thumbing a well-worn book, written in manuscript by one Niels Juel, a great naval hero in the olden time. This Niels Juel was an ancestor on the maternal side, and the book had been solemnly bequeathed to Peder by his mother on her death bed.

"Yes, yes," Peder would mutter to himself, bending eagerly over the yellow parchment; "the treasure is hidden here; somewhere close to this spot. I cannot be mistaken in the directions. I have studied them so often. Niels Juel says: 'Go far up the valley until you come close to the foot of the mountains. Where the Sneevand river runs down, near to the old birch tree with the silver bark, there look if so be I am called away suddenly.' That is quite plain; nevertheless, for twenty years now I have been seeking diligently, and never found—never found,"—dropping his voice to a kind of wail.

In the beginning Hansine looked up from her kitting with clear, blue eyes, and said—

"What have you never found, grandfather?"

Then the old man told her about all Niels victories, and how after one of them he had come to this secluded valley, and with his own hand buried under the earth a mighty treasure, consisting of gold and silver pieces, flagons and chalices, intending to make provision for his old age, and spend his days here when he retired from the wars.

But that time never came. He died, as he had lived, fighting his country's enemies, and the secret of the treasure was handed down in this old book to his descendants, who for generations had vainly sought the spot indicated.

At first Hansine gave full credence to the above story: but when year after year passed, and, although Peder dug all day and every day, he seemed no nearer the great discovery, then she began to believe that what the peasants said was true.

Her grandfather was wasting his time, and would do much better to attend to his crops, visit the salmon traps, and make nets, rather than wear himself out in the pursuit of an imaginary fortune, which might profit them nothing when found.

Like a wise girl, Hansine thought no more of the famous treasure, or how it would enable her to buy beautiful dresses, and turn her into a lady.

She was quite content to trudge up to the "saeter" (hill farm) every day in summer, tend the cows, bring them home again at night, and look after the household generally.

Hansine was both pretty and brave, and, for her part, she was not the least afraid of the robbers said to infest the mountains. Why need she be, when her handsome young lover contrived to meet her nearly every day, and vowed he would shoot like a fox the first man who dared to molest her in the smallest degree?

He had given her a little whistle, too, wherewith to call him in case of need, and taught her a peculiar note, which, in the event of danger, would, he averred, always bring him to her side.

Once or twice Hansine had made use of the whistle just to try her power upon him, but he had warned her not to risk the experiment too often, for fear of the charm not working properly.

Hansine's lover came from far away. She knew none of his people; but that made no difference to her. He was goodly to look at, straight as an oak, with an eye like a hawk, and a natural air of command which became him well.

It signified little to the girl who he was or whence he hailed from. She loved him, and that was enough; as it is for every fond and trustful woman.

Sometimes they sat hand in hand on the hill side, whilst the hungry cows snatched at the scanty pasturage, and the blue-green Fjord, kissed by the warm sun, shone in a myriad sparkles far below at their feet.

Then, with a delicious sense of protection stealing over her, Hansine laughed at the silly stories afloat about the robber captain and his crew, and he laughed too. Yes, they were very gay and very happy up there on the hill side, with only the cows and the goats to interrupt their courtship.

Thus the long summer days glided away, and the winter frosts and snows were approaching. Then one day Hansine's lover said to her—

"Hansine, I have wooed you now for many weeks. When will you marry me?"

The maiden trembled, and into her cheeks there stole a soft rose color,

"Before I can marry you," she said, "you must get my grandfather's consent."

"Have you told him of our engagement?"

"No," answered Hansine, kicking away a pebble at her feet. "Not yet. I was afraid."

"Is he so formidable, then?"

"It is not that; but my grandfather is too old to be left alone. However, you can come and hear what he says."

"I will. To-morrow afternoon, about six o'clock, when you are likely to be at home, I shall pay Herr Grundtvig a visit."

Upon this they kissed, and went their different ways.

On the following morning, Hansine found the potatoes were running short. So she fetched a spade and went to the potato field after a fresh supply.

The river bubbled and gurgled close by, and an old birch tree—the one probably mentioned in Niels Juel's manuscript—bent its decrepit trunk before the wind.

Hansine had already begun to dig, when suddenly her spade struck something hard. Exerting all her strength she brought up a great shovelful of earth, mixed with potatoes.

But, lo! to her surprise, amongst them shone a yellow coin.

She stooped, and picked up an old-fashioned gold piece, bearing a ship in full sail on one side, and a strange superscription, which she could not read, on the other.

In a moment the thought of the buried treasure flashed across her mind. Could it be that after her grandfather's ceaseless toil she had found it in this accidental manner? Strange, indeed, if such were the case.

Once more she dug her spade in the soil, and again some solid substance opposed it.

A strange excitement crept over her frame. Her red lips parted. The pupils of her eyes dilated.

This time, giving a powerful upward heave to the spade, she brought forth a small beautifully shaped flagon.

It was tarnished and covered with mould, but all the same there could be no doubt as to its being silver. Even Hansine, inexperienced as she was, recognized the value of her discovery.

The whole thing seemed so wonderful that, for a few seconds, she lost her presence of mind. Then she thought of her grandfather and of the delight he would feel, and bearing the gold piece in one hand, the flagon in the other, flew towards the cottage.

"Grandfather! grandfather!" she cried; "where are you?"

The old man was digging away about fifty yards from the house. The hot sun had made the perspiration stream from his brow. He looked tired and bent and infirm.

"The treasure!" she cried. "Here it is! I—I have found it!"

He stared at her incredulously. Had the girl taken leave of her senses?

"Yes, yes. In the potato field," she went on, half laughing, half crying, for she was moved out of her ordinary calm. "If you don't believe me, see here!" And she thrust the gold piece into his lean, fleshless hand.

Peder turned it over in a dazed kind of way. Then his eye fell on the superscription, and a great cry escaped from him.

"Bless thee, Hansine," he said, tremulously, for he, too, felt affected by the magnitude of his granddaughter's discovery. "Thou hast indeed hit upon hit upon Niels Juel's treasure. We are rich! rich! rich! And he tottered to the cottage.

"Hansine," called out a manly voice outside the door; "this is the third time I have knocked, and you give me no answer. Is your grandfather within?"

"Yes," cried Hansine, running to undo the latch, and flinging herself into her lover's arms. "He is here."

"Ah! that is good."

"You come at the right moment," she whispered, fondly. "My grandfather will listen to you to-day—perhaps even give his consent to our marriage, for a piece of great good luck has befallen us. We are no longer poor." And Hansine drew herself up with quite an air of importance.

"Eh?" said her lover, pricking his ears. "And pray what may have befallen you?"

"We have found the treasure," she explained, artlessly: "the treasure for which grandfather has been searching all his life. Look at this beautiful flagon which I have just dug up in our potato field. Ah! nobody knows how many things are buried there. And they are all yours—all ours—"

"Silence, girl!" interrupted the old man, sternly. "Thou talkest like a fool, and that tongue of thine runs away with thee. I have known how to guard my secret for many a year, and now thou blurtest it out to the first comer. Heaven knows what mischief thou mayst not have done. Pray, who is this man who intrudes without an invitation?"

"He is the man to whom I am engaged, and whom I intend to marry," replied Hansine, stoutly. "You need not be afraid of him," she added, scornfully; "I answer for it that he will not steal your treasure."

"Surely, Herr Peder," interposed the stranger, mildly, "it is ungenerous that you should treat me as if I were a robber captain. I come but to ask your granddaughter's hand."

"Then you come at an inconvenient moment," said the old fellow, shortly. "As for Hansine, when she marries, she'll want a gentleman. Times have changed—times have changed—and she's not for such as you."

The stranger flushed angrily.

"Ah!" he said, "this treasure has rendered you boastful. Take care that you don't lose it."

"Sir," said Peder, with great dignity, "it is nothing to what I am. I beg you to withdraw." He spoke so authoritively that his visitor, seeing there was little chance of gaining his point, left the cottage, followed by Hansine.

"Do not mind what my grandfather says," she murmured, soothingly. "He is excited, and not himself to-day. Some other time we will get his consent to our marriage."

"Hansine," said her lover, fiercely, "some other time won't do for me. I must have it now, or not at all. Herr Peder is an old man, judging from his appearance. I cannot bear the idea of you and he being left here by yourselves now you have found this treasure. If the robbers were to hear of it, your very lives would not be safe."

His grave tone frightened her.

"What am I to do, Sivert?" she asked, for it was by this name he had bidden her call him.

"Persuade your grandfather to hand the treasure over to me. I am young and strong. It will be safe in my keeping, whereas, in his, there is no knowing what may happen."

Hansine shook her head.

"He will not listen to such reasoning: of that I am convinced. I would trust you with my life, but my grandfather is not so confiding. For years he has sought this treasure. I could not ask him to part from it."

Sivert's handsome brows grew dark.

"You refuse?" he said.

"Only because I do not wish to anger my grandfather. Remember he does not know you as I do."

"Hansine, I give you another chance. The old man has not treated me civilly I care not for him. If we would wed, we must not wait for his consent. What say you?"

She looked at him with a vague sense of alarm in her blue eyes. His manner was rough and strange.

"I will marry you," she said, "but not until my grandfather is willing. He took care of me when I was young and motherless; now it is my turn to look after him."

Silvert made no answer, but strode hastily off up the narrow path leading to the "saeter."

Hansine sighed. She could not understand why he was vexed with her.

"Has the stranger gone?" inquired Peder, eagerly, the moment his granddaughter reentered the house.

"Yes," she said; "he has gone." And there was a curious sinking at her heart as she spoke the words.

"Yes," she said; he has gone. And there was a curious sinking at her heart as she spoke the words.

"Good. Now fetch me my spade from the shed, and we will go to the potato field together. Ho, ha! Hansine," he continued, with a chuckle; "we have no potatoes in the house. I heard you say so this morning, and therefore I must work hard until it grows dark. That stranger has interrupted us as it is."

"He did not stay long," she answered, a trifle sadly.

"Too long for me. Please Heaven thy tongue has done no mischief. And now come along. Thou shalt watch if any creature stirs in the valley whilst I dig."

The whole afternoon Peder worked with feverish haste, and before long there was quite a little mound of gold and silver flagods, church plate, and chalices lying by him. At last, when it was getting dark, he made Hansine carry them into the house. He could no longer see, and was therefore forced to desist from his labors. But the treasure had taken powerful hold of his imagination. He felt convinced that the earth still hid more valuables.

Although his back ached, and the sweat ran from his wrinkled brow, he could not tear himself away from the spot.

"No," answered the old man. "I must watch here all night. There are robbers in the neighborhood."

"I thought you did not believe in them,"

"Tut! girl; don't bandy words with me. When we were poor, then I did not trouble my head about the robbers. We had nothing worth stealing; but now"—looking uneasily around—"it is different. Go, bring me my thick sheepskin coat and the flint-lock that hangs behind the door; also a bottle of beer and something to eat. If the thieves come they shall find me prepared."

"And all the beautiful things inside the house?" asked Hansine. "What am I to do with them?"

"Lock them safely up in the old oak chest that stands just outside thy bedroom. And, Hansine—"

"Yes, grandfather; what is it?"

"Look under my pillow. Thou wilt find a loaded pistol. Take it; it may stand thee in good stead."

Hansine withdrew, little relishing the long, lonely vigil in prospect. The day had been full of turmoil, and now that the first excitement was beginning to subside, she questioned whether her discovery would conduce much to their happiness.

They had been well enough without the treasure for many years, and now they had to sit up all night and arm themselves with firearms for fear of somebody stealing it. Never, too, was displeased, though why or wherefore she could not guess.

She almost wished that Niels Juels valuables had remained hidden in the earth.

Hansine was very tired, and after first taking the precaution of bolting the door and fetching her grandfather's pistol, she fell fast asleep in his big wooden armchair that stood close to the stove.

Meanwhile, old Peder squatted silently down on the ground and lit his pipe.

The night was very still and dark. After sundown great, tumbled masses of cloud had rolled up from the Fjord, and were gradually spreading over the mountains like a black pall. Only now and again the moon peeped through a rent, as if curious quite to see what was going on down below.

Far along the valley a corncrake made its harsh notes heard with regular monotony, and two wakeful magpies called to each other from a tree close by. The sound of the rushing river splashing over the stones and lapping against its flowery banks acted as a lullaby on the senses.

Little by little Peder began to doze. At first his head bent down on his chest, and his breathing grew irksome, and he woke up with a start, saying to himself: "This won't do—this won't do at all." But after a bit he could battle against the feeling of somnolence no longer, and fell into an uneasy sleep. And in his sleep he dreamed.

He dreamt that he saw a dozen dark, shadowy forms stealing softly, swiftly down from the mountains, like evil spirits bent on some ungodly errand.

He dreamt that they came nearer and nearer, crouching, crawling, twisting snake-like on the ground, until he was hemmed in on every side. And one taller, more agile than his companions, who carried a long knife in his hand, spake into his ear these words—

"Old man, thou hast allowed the love of greed to take possession of thee. Avarice has entered into thy heart. Niels Juels' treasure is not for such as thou."

Murder gleamed from the speaker's dark, glittering eyes. Peder's heart gave a great bound. Was it no dream after all, but a hideous reality?

With a smothered cry he awoke, but a powerful hand tightened its clasp on his throat, and the scream he would have sent forth was checked in its very utterance.

A blade flashed before his startled eyes, and the next moment buried itself deep in his throat. Peder gave a convulsive shudder, followed by a long, in-drawn sigh, and all was over.

The murderer wiped his knife on a pair of goats leaves, and looked calmly at the victim.

"It is well," he said, with a sinister smile. "Dead men want no fortunes." Then, addressing his companions, he added in a louder key, "Comrades, you may go back. Await my coming at the dawn of day, when, according to our custom, we will divide the booty. Only remember I claim Hansine."

* * * * * * *

Hansine stirred in her sleep. She fancied she heard a noise, and it roused her from her slumbers in the old arm chair.

She started up, and listened attentively. All was dark; and at first she could distinguish nothing. But even as she gazed, the moon suddenly shot out. Not a dozen feet from her, it revealed a man getting in at the window—a man wrapped in a black cloak, and with a mask over his face.

Instinct told her he had come after those precious flagons stored away upstairs. Brave girl! She seized the pistol, and advancing to the middle of the room, shouted, "Stop, or I will shoot you like a dog!"

The man gave a derisive laugh, and jumped right on to the floor. Hansine did not hesitate. Her grandfather had bidden her defend the treasure. She pointed the pistol, and pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and with a loud cry the robber threw up his arms, and fell to the ground.

Horrified at her own handiwork, Hansine rushed out in search of her grandfather. She found him—dead. Dazed and trembling she re-entered the cottage, scarce knowing what she did.

Merciful powers! Who and what was that dead thing lying there? Why did it suggest such painful and horrible suspicions? They drove her mad. The uncertainty was not endurable.

An overwhelming terror seized her, and with a maniacal laugh she threw herself down beside the body. She turned its head—she looked at it; and as she did so an icy chill entered into her heart. It felt compressed by bands of iron. She uttered no sound; she did not cry; she was very calm and very still. Only a rigid look stole into her young face. The grey dawn began to creep ghost-like o'er the earth.

Then she stirred uneasily, and untied the white handkerchief that kept her fair tresses in order, and threw it over the corpse's head.

"Murderer and robber," she said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice, "my love is dead. You were not what I believed you to be. I will not let myself weep for such as you."

And rising to her feet, she resolutely turned away.

But even as she spoke two great slow tears rolled down her cheek, for although the proud blood of the Vikings ran in her veins, she was only a woman, and could not altogether conquer her woman's weakness.

And after that many sought the hand of Hansine in marriage, but Niels Juels descendant would not wed.

A Race with a Phantom Train.

BY T. CASSELL.

"ALL right, Charlie?"

"All right, Ted—right as a trivet."

Next minute the conductor gave the signal and the train steamed slowly out of Denver station, bound for Salt Lake.

It was a long and tedious run, and there were some nasty bits on the road. For miles together the line went through cañons, to parts of which the sun never penetrated.

In these mountain gorges the utmost care was needed lest fallen rocks might have blocked the metals, and the track was so loose in places that the drivers were always glad when the train got out once more to the barren plains and the clear blue of heaven.

Of late, too, the journey had grown gruesome owing to strange stories, that were told with bated breath, of a spectral train that had been seen from time to time manned by ghostly figures. But Ted Nelson—stalwart, weather-beaten, with an eye like a hawk's and nerves of iron, and famed as one of the most skilful drivers in the States—laughed these tales to scorn, calling them "rubbish."

His stoker, Charlie Black, however, was not nearly so sure about it. Only a few weeks before, a mate of his had brought the train into Green River, with the driver lying insensible on the cab of the engine—for he had beheld the accursed.

For some months now these two men had taken the train across Marshall Pass, where this mysterious train was usually seen, without having caught sight of it. And on the present journey they were not thinking of it at all.

As they were approaching the canon, the fireman lighted the lamps, for the shades were falling fast.

"I feel kinder queer to-night, my lad," said Ted; "seems silenter, and darker, and colder somehow."

But as the train began to tread the labyrinth of the defiles and to cross the deep gullies, all his attention was demanded, and the engineer's uneasiness passed away.

Presently the engine entered a snowshed, when suddenly there came long warning whistles of an approaching train.

"Good heavens! No. 8 is following us too close, Charlie," remarked the driver.

Five miles farther on, the whistle—this time much nearer—was heard again; the signal being now repeated at frequent intervals, indicating a more and more rapid approach.

"It must be a wild train," exclaimed the stoker, while the driver, bending forward to the cord, gave two sharp whistles, only to hear the prolonged replies, signifying danger.

Then he remembered that at the next switch or loop, twenty-five miles further up the mountains, he had to pass an eastward bound "goods," and as he left another snowshed, his bell rang three times, and he brought his train to a standstill as quickly as possible. Yet still there fell on his ears the ominous sound of the long-drawn whistles of the engine that was so speedily overtaking them.

At this moment the conductor ran forward and asked, "what did you stop for?"

"What did you pull the bell cord for?" retorted Ted.

"You're crazy," was the answer. "Now light up for the switch where we've got to pass No. 19. And, besides, there a train a-climbing after us. D'ye hear?"

It was with a strange sensation that the driver again set the engine in motion. The wheels slipped on the steel rails, but as they caught the sand the long heavy train once more went slowly onward.

Both Ted and Charlie in the cab could hear the sand grind beneath the immense weight of the locomotive, but as the train gathered momentum it was soon running as fast as was practicable on that portion of the road.

Nearer and nearer came the pursuing train. Again was heard the short series of warning whistles, which Ted answered, but only to hear the danger signal in response. He looked out of the window as he was rounding a curve, and noticed the other train rapidly overhauling them.

Cold beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead as he pulled the throttle wide open. Faster and faster the speed of the train increased, and more dangerous grew the track.

They were now in the very worst portion of the pass, where the snow banks were the most treacherous, and just in the part a broken rail had been reported. Every time the engine struck a curve, it seemed as though it was impossible for the small flanges to hold it to the rails.

The cars were rocking violently, and the passengers were rudely awakened from their slumbers by the train striking a snowdrift; but the speed was so great that the train broke the drift easily and was soon roaring through a snowshed.

How the fireman labored! His shirt was wet with perspiration, for the hungry furnace consumed the coal so quickly that the stock beloned fire.

The passengers having been warned of the impending danger, had dressed themselves. The women were wringing their hands in despair, strong men were trembling, and the thought of every person in the train was of the man whose hand was on the throttle.

Would he be able to outrun the pursuing train and break all the snowbanks, or would the rear train dash into the coaches and kill the passengers? Was the engineer in the rear train mad?

The curtains were all thrown up; a few daring men clung on the platform and glanced anxiously back. The conductor started suddenly as he caught a glimpse of the driving wheels of the rear train. They were fully ten inches larger than those on the engine in front.

With hand tightly clinched on the throttle, Ted's eyes swept the track. He was a good engineer, for even under that awful strain he had the presence of mind to shut off steam in order to save it when running down grade without brake pressure.

At this time snow began to fall, and in the peculiar light that settles on the earth, caused by the snow, the driver saw something in a backward glance he took that made his blood freeze and almost caused his heart to cease beating. On the top of one of the cars of the rear train was the tall, white figure of a man gesticulating wildly, while he could see a white form in the cab. A terrible thought flashed through his mind—it was the phantom train!

Without further parley, regardless of the broken rail, he dropped the lever another notch, and then as quickly as possible, but cautiously, he opened the throttle valve.

His trained ear caught every sound his engine made, and under the intense excitement he once thought he heard the pistons grinding and the axle pound.

What a wild ride it was in the night! It would be impossible to pass a broken rail at the terrific speed at which they were travelling. He was leading by about two hundred yards now, and as his train approached a point where the track reversed and ran parallel, he nerved himself for the trial,

He rounded the curve safely, and started, and was moving back on the serpentine curve with the rapidity of lightning. As he passed the other engine he saw two weird white figures in the cab. The spectre engineer turned a face to him like dough, and laughed. The ghostly fireman reached for the cord, and again a series of short, sharp whistles sounded.

On the train plunged into the night, roaring through snowsheds and over iron bridges that trembled beneath the shock. So fast was the train travelling that the rush of air could be heard by the passengers. Wherever there was a snowdrift the train broke through it like a hurricane.

Faster and faster they flew, for now they were mounting to the top of the pass, where the air was coldest and steam was not so plentiful. The greatest speed his engine was capable of had been attained, and Ted could but watch the rails in front of him and keep his hands on the throttle. The phantom train was gaining; he could go no faster: he was helpless.

Around the shelves of high mountains and along the ridge of lofty hills, over deep gullies, through long snowsheds, the race continued; the very landscape was closing behind the train like a cloud; the mountains seemed to recede rapidly, but all the while the spectre train was gaining.

The wind arose and sighed, and from the north heavy clouds began to drift southward. The guard struck a slight snow bank and hurled it a hundred feet high.

A terrific storm was soon in progress, the furies of which seemed to concentrate on the fleeing passenger train.

On into the night the trains swept, spectre and passenger. Then Ted sighted a bridge that was reported weak, passed it safely, and, having by this time crossed the summit, was now on the down grade.

Steeper it became, and, when one particularly heavy hill was reached, for the first time in his life Ted Nelson was guilty of running the grade without applying the air brakes. Soon he sighted the switch. No. 19 was not there, and, with madness born of excitement, he went tearing by like the wind.

Another series of short, sharp whistles, and an instant later the engineer saw a red lantern swinging in the right of way.

He was running down grade, the thought of No. 19 ahead, the mysterious train behind, and—a trained mechanic—he instinctively applied the brakes. The wheels stopped revolving, but the train was still running over the snowy rails.

Far ahead he observed light, shadowy, fantastic forms, and as the train drew nearer he saw that they were repairing the track.

They were spirits, and the next minute, flying towards the ghosts on the track, he passed through the crowd of ten or twelve, reached the curve beyond, and Ted ventured a backward glance.

He saw the phantom train run to a broken rail; its engine gave a terrific jump, and one second later the heavy "goods" or freight, pitched down the embankment, and a moment afterwards vanished.

Traced in the frost on the firemen's window these words were written in a peculiar hand:

"Yeers ago a frate train was recked as yu saw—now that you saw it, we will never make another run. The enjine was not under control and four sexshun men wor killed. If yu ever run on this road again yu will be recked."

Passed No. 19 at the next switch, reached Green River at six o'clock in the morning, an hour ahead of time.

Their chums did not recognize them. Ted Nelson's fine head of black hair had turned completely white, and Charlie, wan and haggard, looked twenty years older. No power on earth, they said, should make them go over that ground a second time. They left their employ the same day and returned to Denver by another route.

The phantom train has not been seen since that eventful night.

A Rich Uncle.

BY F. R.

I ALMOST wish, Mary," said old Silas Briggs, "that you'd come and see me now and then, or send one of your girls down to the old place to visit me. It's very lonesome now that the years are creeping over me: and I feel I don't grow any younger since you married and went away from home."

The meeting between Silas Briggs and his niece was entirely accidental. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and their two handsome daughters were on their way to Scarborough.

They had stepped out of a Pullman car at a busy junction. Uncle Silas was travelling third class, dressed in a sober chocolate-colored coat, with an atrocious soft hat that gave him the appearance, as Maud Barnes afterwards remarked, of "an elderly Buffalo Bill." Uncle Silas was resplendent with satisfaction; the Barnes family were rather shamefaced, and anxious to get back again into their carriage. Mrs. Barnes alone looked wistfully into the old man's clear eyes, and remembering how kind he had been to her in past years, when she was an orphan child with no one else to depend upon.

"I should like it very much, Uncle Silas," said she, "some time when——"

"We are greatly obliged, Mr. Briggs, I am sure," said Mr. Barnes, "but I fear it will be quite impracticable. Glad to have seen you, sir. Mary, my dear—girls, you had better get back to your seats, the train is about ready to start. Good-morning, Mr. Briggs."

Old Silas smiled quaintly to himself as he trudged down the platform to the stuffy third-class car.

"It seems," said he to himself, "as if Mary's folks wanted to get rid of me. Well, well—perhaps they're ashamed of the old man from the country. But Mary has got her mother's eyes, and I was fond of Mary's mother when we were children together."

The Barnesses were "in society." Maud and Mabel had both style and beauty, and had been educated in the showiest manner. Maud played an expensive harp. Mabel belonged to a "Browning Club," and raved about "Paracelsus." Mrs. Barnes gave dinners that drove her lady friends mad with envy. Mr. Barnes belonged to a fashionable club—and it all grew out of a dingy little room in the City, where Mr. Barnes manipulated stocks.

But one day shares went unexpectedly down, when he had stated them to go up. The result was exceedingly bewildering.

"I shouldn't have gone so deeply into the thing," he said, "if I hadn't been morally certain that the bulls ruled the market. I never will be so caught again. I wonder what Mrs. Barnes and the girls will say when they hear that I am—ruined!"

Mr. Barnes went home with a strange, dazed look in his eyes. There was to be an especial dinner-party that night, for a countess whose acquaintance his wife had made. She had invited some very particular people to meet Lady Allforth. Mr. Barnes looked at the table and wondered now it would seem to sit down to a cheap table-cloth and blue-edged dishes again. He noticed his wife's black velvet gown, and thought how pretty she used to look in a blue-spotted calico dress, with coral beads around her neck. Would she like to come to it again?

The door bell rang just as the fish was being removed; the maid brought a whispered message to her master.

"Tell him," said Mr. Barnes, "that we are not at home."

The maid departed, but presently returned.

"I did tell him so, sir, but he said, 'Why, they're settin' down to dinner. I can see 'em through the crack of the door.'"

"Tell him," reiterated Mr. Barnes, "that we are not—at—home."

Uncle Silas Briggs went peaceably away. If his eyes brimmed over once or twice, that Mary could so have forgotten him, what was that to the world?

"I see," said he to himself; "the old man is one too many. Barnes and the girls I could have believed it of, but not Mary."

Mrs. Barnes had glanced curiously across the table at her husband when the maid whispered in his ear, but Lady Allforth was in the midst of one of her interminable stories about some voyage on the Nile, which she had or had not taken, and so the matter passed by. But later on in the evening, when Maud was playing the harp, and old Lady Allforth's tongue was perforce silenced, Mr. Barnes drew his City crony, Mr. French, into a corner.

"French," said he, in a husky whisper, "this has been a dreadful day."

"Yes, it has," said Mr. French, sipping the coffee which had been served in the drawing-room.

"Do you know of fifty thousand or so which a fellow could lay hands on?"

"Yes," said Mr. French, stirring the gold spoon around and around, "I do. I have a client who wants to invest about that sum. He has made a pot of money in some wonderful coal find. What security can you give?

Mr. Barnes hesitated. His wife's diamonds were hypothecated; but there was the furniture, Maud's harp, the silver, his carriage and span of horses.

Mr. French looked rather dubious.

"Well," said he, "I'll see what my client says to-morrow and let you know."

Mr. Barnes face cleared like the sky after

an April thunderstorm. He smiled at Lady Allforth's time-worn jests—he patted Maud's arm, and told her she did credit to her instructor; he whispered to Mabel, who was dressed in blue, that she never ought to wear any other color; he gave Mrs. Barnes's hand a lover-like squeeze as he took her coffee cup from her.

He almost regretted, in very truth, that he had not asked Uncle Briggs to come into the library and wait until dinner was over. Life were an altogether different aspect to him—and yet, after all, what a very slender peg that client of old French's was to hang such a mantle of hope upon.

"My dear," said he to his wife that night, "it was your Uncle Briggs that called when we were at dinner to-night, and was so persistent."

"Oh, John," said she, "what are a score of Lady Allforths to me compared to Uncle Silas! Oh, I wish he had come in! I wouldn't care what people said or what they thought! If my thoughts are to be considered, I think we've treated him very badly."

"So do I, my dear," frankly admitted Mr. Barnes. "And the very next time he comes we'll tell him so."

"But he never will come any more," sobbed Mary. "Uncle Silas is plain, but he's proud!"

Mr. Barnes did his best to console his wife, and in his secret heart he resolved that if business matters went well, a cordial reconciliation with Uncle Silas should be one of his first thank-offerings.

If! But he realized, himself, what an "if" it was!

Mr. French reported favorably the next day. His client would consider the question, and would most probably lend the money. And with a light heart John Barnes came home.

Mary, in her especial line, had scarcely been less fortunate. On her way back from an afternoon tea, where Lady Allforth had shone like a planet, she stopped the carriage in front of a print and picture store, where an old man in a chocolate-colored coat and an outlandish soft hat was staring in at the window.

"Uncle Silas!" she cried, running up to him. "Oh, how glad I am to see you—how glad!"

"Eh!" she cried, running up to him. "Oh, how glad I am to see you—how glad!"

"Eh!" said Uncle Silas. "But I called at your house yesterday, and——"

Mary dragged him into the carriage and told him the whole story.

"John is so ashamed of himself now!" said she. "And so am I. Will you forgive us, uncle?"

"I suppose I'll have to," said the old man, a slow smile breaking over his broad good-humored face.

Mr. Barnes soon made his peace, and after they had settled a visit to the old farm, so soon as the apple-orchards should be in blossom, he frankly confided the story of his business embarrassments to his wife's uncle.

Uncle Silas listened with a smile.

"Well," said he, "luck has used me better. I've sold out half the farm—a black old height that was never of any use; there's coal there, it seems. A lot of contractors came my way, and I'm going to fit the old house up so that Mary and the girls can enjoy a few days there now and then."

"But, John," said his wife, "who is it that is going to lend you the money? You haven't told us."

"That is not so strange," said Mr. Barnes, laughing, "considering that I have not heard his name myself. French is going to let me know."

"I can tell you who it is," said Uncle Silas composedly. "It's me."

Uncle Silas it was. The coal had turned into golden coins—the old mountain had yielded up its treasures, and John Barnes' credit was saved.

"But I'm sort o' glad," said the old man, with a curious twinkle of the eye, "that you and Mary made it up with your old uncle afore you knew that he was rich."

So were John Barnes and Mary his wife.

PHENOMENA OF MEMORY.

The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niebuhr, the great statesman, and a certain Divine, that one scarcely recognises the same faculty in each.

It is said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the Reverend Doctor that he forget he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event.

John Wesley had a remarkable memory; and at eighty-five, even, it was still vigorous.

Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of five hundred lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech, and enumerate the names of the shop signs from the Temple to the end of Cheapside, with a description of the principal articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of shorthand reporting, "Memory Woodfall" used to attend the House of Commons, and, after listening to a debate, would reproduce the whole without taking a single note. The same power was possessed by William Radcliffe, the husband of Mrs Radcliffe the novelist.

Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with Beroniclus of Middlesbrough, who knew by heart the works of Julius Cæsar, Juvenal, Homer, Ariosto, Tasso, and the two Pulcys.

If the memory examples of brute cells, we have in Magliabechi the observed linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction, we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as a "walking polyglot, a master of languages, and a Briarcus of parts of speech."

At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages—perfect in pronunciation, idiom, grammar and colloquialisms—and before his death he added twenty or thirty more to his list. He used to say himself that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read.

As an example of effort to create memory by artificial means, the case of Robert Percifield, an illiterate Puritan, may be recalled. He had the taste of his time for sermons, but could himself neither read nor write.

He invented a long leather girdle, which he wound twice around his body, and upon which he preserved an accurate Biblical record. The girdle was divided into parts to represent the books of the Bible in their order; for the chapters he affixed small thongs of leather to the different divisions, and by other points he indicated the verses in each chapter. By means of this "Girdle of Verity," as it came to be called, the man was able to take such notes of the sermon that on returning home he could give all the heads and quote all the various texts mentioned in it—and the preachers of the day were great in quotation.

What we call absent-mindedness is temporary suspension of the faculty of memory.

Certain it is that Bruyere's "Absent Man" was no mere creature of fertile imagination. The original is said to have been the Count de Brancas, of whom a curious story is related.

One day he was reading by the fire in his study, when the nurse brought him a child newly-born to him. The Count threw away the book, and took the child on his knee to play with it.

By and-by, a visitor was announced, and the Count, forgetting all about the child, and remembering only that he had been reading a book, threw the poor infant carelessly on to the table. What a mercy he didn't throw it into the fire!

It is recorded of La Fontaine, noted for his absent mindedness, that he once attended the funeral of one of his most intimate friends, and shortly afterwards called to visit that friend.

When reminded by the astonished servant of the recent death, he was at first terribly shocked, and then remarked: "True; of course, I recollect now I went to his funeral."

A curious instance of memory in sleep is related by a French writer on Dreams. He says he once saw in a dream a number of men passing out from a feast. He observed them all very attentively, and the face of one struck him so much, that he remembered it after waking.

Exercising his thoughts as to where he had seen the face before, he at last recollected having seen it some days previously in a book of fashions, which he had carelessly glanced at and cast aside.

Fichte, a German psychologist, mentions the case of a musician, a good composer, who once omitted to note down a melody which occurred to him.

Afterwards, he could not recall it; but later, he recollected it in a dream, with full harmony and accompaniment, and on waking, was able to retain it until he wrote it down.

Both Plato and Aristotle have noted that in old age the recollections of childhood are renewed; and it is recorded of Kant, that, in his old age, when general memory was decayed and infirm, he had vivid recollections of his youth.

Du Prel tells of an old man, at Gottingen, seventy-six years of age, who only knew his wife and children for the day if they were pointed out to him in the morning; but had each day to be reminded who they were. Yet, at the same time he could sing all the songs of his childhood, and narrate the incidents of his youth, although later events were completely forgotten.

A PERFECT CURE.—A lady who has passed the summer in a farm-house relates how by a shrewd device, she secured her morning nap, which had been seriously broken in upon by a noisy cockerel, who felt it at once a privilege and a duty shrill-voiced to hail the morn directly under her window. She remonstrated with her hostess in vain. That worthy dame slept on the other side of the house, and troubled herself little at the report of chanticleer's offensiveness; so that it became evident enough to the boarder that, if anything was to be done, she must do it herself. She reflected; she devised a plan; she acted. She hunted up a small boy in the neighborhood, and for a small sum hired him to come early in the dewy morning and drive the clamorous cockerel round to the other side of the house. The result was true, when chanticleer's shrill clarion cheered the morn, its notes pierced the vexed ears of the landlady instead of the boarder. The result of this policy was most satisfactory. The small boy had been engaged for a week, but at the end of the third day the boarder smilingly paid him a week's wages and discharged him. "Because," she added, "as we are going to eat the rooster for dinner to-morrow, I shall not need you to come again."

WHO TO BEWARE OF.—Do you keep a list—a list of the people who are tiresome to you? The wise woman is the one who has a book on the cover of which is written in large letters and red ink, "Beware of."

The educated woman who concludes that the alphabet has been invented since her time

The fifty-one creature who thinks you are "just sitting" to have your hair cut over

The lovely young man who wears three diamond rings and thinks you are "just too sweet for anything."

The horrible old hypocrite who talks about her position in society and the use she is to the world at large, when she would better serve it by decorating the inside of a tomb.

The old man who kisses you because he remembers your mother when a girl.

The young man who is loud and underbred, but who speaks to you and mortifies you, and claims a right to acquaintance because he once lived near you.

The maid servant who wants to talk about the last house in which she lived.

The man, woman, or nondescript who never tires of telling you that they seen better days, and who counts on that announbement covering everything in the future, and never making an effort to think how really good this time is after all.

The man with a low-cut shirt, the woman with dyed hair, the boy who hasn't been taught good manners, and the girl who has been educated to believe that impudence and intelligence are synonymous.

The people who flatter, who find fault, and who never know what it is to say a good word for their neighbors.

FASHION'S FADS.—The fads of the fashionables are evolved from the none too fertile minds of society's amusement makers at the rate of twenty per day.

The base members of upperdom must be amused at any cost. A new parlor game, a revived figure in dancing, or any novel method by which social lights can be made to congregate for the purpose of being entertained is hailed with delight for a few short hours, or until some new fad having the stamp of novelty appears to take the place of the old one.

The newest fad in vogue at the present time among the ladies of the self-constituted aristocracy of New York, Boston, and other large cities is athletics, and those who go in for it at sort of thing have instituted some unique reforms in the pursuit of brawn.

Mahogany health pulls, with weights of chased silver and handles of fine gold, horizontal bars of ebony or rosewood, and dumb-bells of cut glass are some of the things demanded in the pursuit of society's newest fad.

These costly toys are made in sizes to suit every degree of strength among their fair manipulators. It cannot be denied but that the athletic fad is the most sensible of any that has yet found sanction among the elite.

But like its predecessors, however, the athletic craze will unconbtedly soon give way to some newer pastime.

RACES OF MEN.—The reasons which render some races of men tall and others short do not seem to have yet been conclusively solved.

The tallest race in Europe is the Norwegian; the shortest is the Lapp; yet Norway and Lapland are separated only by an imaginary boundary. In Africa the tallest race is the Kaffir, and one of the shortest the Bosjesmans; yet Kaffirs and Bosjesmans occupy what is practically the same country.

The cause of difference therefore, can scarcely be climate or soil.

The secret is thought by a recent authority to lie rather in social circumstances. The old Vikings, the ancestors of the Norwegians, were, and the modern Zulus and other Kaffirs are fighting people.

With them the puny and weak naturally went to the wall, and in consequence the general physique of the race improved. The Lapps and Bosjesmans, on the other hand, have, so far as we know, never been great fighters.

Wars on a large scale have not killed off the weaklings; and the immediate pressure of the vigorous tribes has gradually driven the less warlike ones into the least desirable sections of the country, where, of course hardship and want have intensified the inferiority of non-fighters, until, as we see them to-day, they are stunted both in body and mind.

MAXIMS AND RULES OF LIFE.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph as the means of peace. Do not attempt to frighten and oppress by passion. It does more harm to your own characters than good to them. The same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion. Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offense, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. M. S.

"We heard of an instance of absent-mindedness this week," relates a Lexington, Mo., paper. "One of our good farmers, living not a thousand miles distant, thought he would plant twenty acres of ground in corn, and taking the sack which contained his seed corn, went to the field, put his corn planter into operation and pretty soon had the required number of acres planted, so he thought, with seed corn. But upon finishing his job, what was his consternation and amazement to find his sack of corn untouched. He had simply forgotten to put the corn in the planter, and was forced to do his whole work over again.

The lawyer who writes his own wills is a fool.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A man has just died in Paris who has lived on the product of four several pensions, which had been conferred on him as compensation for getting himself run over and badly maimed four distinct times by the private carriages of wealthy people.

It is rather a startling fact that the most densely-populated square mile in the world is not in China or Belgium, but in the city of New York, and that is inhabited by 270 000 people, a large part of whom are Italians, who speak their native language only and retain their native customs.

"A smoking tree," is the latest phenomenon that the South boasts of. It stands on a sidewalk, in Richmond, Va., and the "Times" of that city gives these particulars about it: "The tree is a white mulberry and was brought from Illinois a year or two ago, and is now about twelve feet high, with a bushy top and many lateral branches. Last Sunday week a puff of smoke was noticed to proceed from one of the limbs, and by watching it closely puffs identical in appearance to cigarette smoke were seen starting every now and then from all over the tree, sometimes from the leaves, sometimes from the bark of the limbs or trunk of the tree. The puffs have continued since at irregular intervals; sometimes two or three at once from various parts of the tree, and sometimes they are several seconds or a half minute apart."

A curious series of facts supplied to Dr. Peddie by State Sheriff Barclay, of Perth, exemplifies phases of crime related to habitual drunkenness and to proclivities indicating insanity: "Between the years 1881 and 1885 one woman was committed to prison 167 times for being drunk, and when drunk her invariable practice was to smash windows. Then, there was a man who, when drunk, stole nothing but bibles; he was an old soldier, who had been wounded in the head. Then another man stole nothing but spades; a woman stole nothing but shoes, another, nothing but shawls, and there was a curious case of a man named Grubb, who was transported for the seventh act of stealing a tub. There was nothing in his line of life and nothing in his prospects, no motive, to make him specially desire tubs, but so it was that, when he stole, it was always, excepting on one occasion, a tub."

A Maine woman whose husband was one of the pioneers in the Penobscot Valley many years ago, tells how the women of that day had to toil. In her own case, her husband had cleared a piece of land by felling the trees. They moved into a log cabin, and the next thing was to have a "burn." She says: "Trees were big ones in those days, and husband could not pile 'em alone and we had no neighbors with whom we could exchange work, so he used to help me in the morning about the house, and then we all went out into the clearing. Husband would get one end of a log well up on the pile, and then I used to put a handspike under that and hold it until he could pry up the other end. The baby used to lay on a pillow with a few boughs over it to keep off the flies, and I suppose, take it all and all, I helped to clear up over thirty acres in this way. We had no money, so we did not need a store. I made all the cloth we had; made a year's sweetening from maple sirup. I knit mittens, socks and shirts, and even made cloth caps and my own bonnet."

A peculiarly dangerous and painful accident occurred to Peter J. Olson, living a few miles Swedeman's creek, on the west side of Hood's Canal, Wash. He resides alone, some distance from any neighbors. Returning from the creek last Sunday evening to his house with a pail of water, he encountered in the trail a large mountain lion coming towards him. He supposed the lion would turn aside, but instead of that, his majesty kept on towards him, and suddenly made a spring at his throat. Olson, with great presence of mind, dashed the pail of water in the animal's face, and pushing his hand into the lion's mouth, seized his tongue, whilst with the other hand he grasped the lion by the throat. A fierce struggle ensued, and in this Olson's clothes were torn from his body, and deep wounds made on his head, breast and arms, but after a desperate effort, the animal tore himself away, leaving a part of its tongue in Mr. Olson's hands, and fled to the recesses of the forest. Mr. Olson managed to get to a neighbor's house, where his wounds were dressed with dogfish oil, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Our Young Folks.

FOREMOST IN THE RACE.

BY R. A. C.

"HE won't join us!"

"No; he says he can't afford it, and that there others like him."

"But I say that he shall!" was the threatening rejoinder.

"Try him; you'll find him a tough customer."

"The black-skinned wretch, to set himself up in opposition to us! But he shall give in, or I'll make his life miserable, and he shall never take another prize if I can help it."

It certainly was exasperating that he, George Bellamy, the head boy, who carried everything before him in school and on the playground, should be thwarted by this nobody!

Ah! but Charles Williams did not yet know the power he possessed. No he felt quite sure that a quiet talking to would put the matter right, and that the requisition to the head master to make the contribution of a guinea compulsory from all the boys for playground expenses instead of half a guinea, as hitherto, would be signed by all the elder boys in the school.

But somehow or other Williams didn't sign. No; not even though Bellamy coaxed his hardest and blustered his loudest.

Not though Williams was offered a place in the select Council of Five, and was threatened that he would fail altogether at the next exams.; and, further, that he should be known as "Blackie" throughout the school henceforth and for ever.

"'Tis no good. He won't sign," said Bellamy.

"Then we can't send in the requisition," returned Hastings.

"No; it's quite useless. But we'll make it warm for Blackie, won't we?"

"Rather."

So the requisition did not go up after all, and many of the parents whose means were small, and to whom it was an effort to send their boys to the school, rejoiced that even this trifling additional burden was not laid upon them.

Especially glad was Mrs. Williams, whose husband had recently died in the West Indies, and who found the greatest difficulty from her scanty income to meet the school fees as they became due.

As to Charles, he went on his way contentedly, and bearing no ill will. He determined to win a scholarship this term if he could by any means accomplish it. He certainly thought it mean to be taunted with the nickname of Blackie, though it did not weigh very heavily upon him.

So he worked with all his strength—morning, noon, and night. Eleven o'clock at night found him in his little room deep in his studies. Six o'clock in the morning found him taking up the work he had left off a few hours before. His one hope and aim was to free his mother from the expense of his schooling.

Perhaps he would have broken down in the effort but for one fact. He paid a visit every day, wet or fine, to an aunt who resided about a mile away from the college. Her life was brightened by seeing this manly affectionate boy; and though she endeavored to dissuade him from coming daily, feeling it must be a tax upon his time, yet could not find it in her heart to be very persevering in her arguments against his visits.

And doubtless the exercise was good for him, and helped him to bear the strain of excessive study; whilst the ease and rapidity with which he was able to run the mile each way came upon Charlie as no small surprise.

The examinations were approaching, and great interest was felt throughout the school at the result.

"Williams will run Bellamy hard for first place," whispered Russell, one of the Council of Five, to his chum Hastings.

"Nonsense! That's absurd."

"Not so absurd as you think. That youngster has pulled up tremendously this term."

"But he's only sixteen, and there's nothing very remarkable about him; whilst Bellamy is eighteen, and comes of a clever lot."

"All right. I stick to my man."

"Ah, but wait till after to —"

"Well, it'll be a jolly shame if that comes off."

"Stuff!"

"That" meant the scheme by which Bellamy meant to pay off old scores against Charlie.

In coming home from his aunt's in the evening Williams passed by the gate of the playground about nine o'clock. The time varied very little, and it being dusk at that time, they had resolved to duck him in the pond.

Bellamy calculated that the prostration consequent on the fright would unfit him for doing much at the examination. The night fixed for this escapade was dull and gloomy.

The boys stole away one by one, and assembled at the gate, disguised as far as possible, so that they should not be recognized.

"Hush! he is coming."

There he was, sure enough. Not running as usual, though, but coming at a fast swinging walk.

In a moment he was surrounded, and they had seized his arms. But their foe offered unexpected resistance. He struck right and left with blows of surprising vigor.

"Help!" cried a stentorian voice.

Horror! it was the head master. And in a second they had vanished.

Strange to say, they were undiscovered, for the head master, being a short-sighted man, did not discover who his assailants were, and imagining it was some horseplay on the part of roughs which he had effectually disconcerted, thought no more of the matter.

But to the boys concerned it was a terrible shock. The fear of detection, the suspense and alarm, told upon their nerves, and great was the surprise felt throughout the school when the results of the examinations became known.

Bellamy nowhere; Hastings, Russell—in fact, the whole Council of Five—out of the running; Williams a scholarship and the gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, head and shoulders above every other boy in the school.

Meantime the great event agitating the school was the open mile race of the athletic sports.

Certain intimations had reached the Council that a strong effort would be made to wrest the mile race, which was the most important open event, from either present or past boys.

They were all most anxious to hold their own in this great competition, and thought they could do it.

Bellamy the swift-footed, Buller the long-stayer, and Horner the stubborn resolute runner, of the present boys; Smith, Marshall, and Turner, of the past. Oh, they need not fear!

About a fortnight before the day of the sports Williams entered his name for the mile.

"What's the joke, young 'un?" said Bellamy.

"I may as well have a try."

"Pity to have too many in with the strong lot we have. You aren't wanted, and you had better keep your breath for a smaller even."

"Oh, let him try—'twill be such fun!" exclaimed Hastings.

"Yes, by all means," sang out a chorus of voices.

"Charlie is going to win the great event."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the laughter was loud and general.

* * * * * *

There they stood, no fewer than fifteen of them; ready, at the starter's signal, to try their utmost for the coveted mile prize.

"They are off!"

A roar goes up from the five hundred boys at present; it is echoed by a thousand of the past; and even the entire assemblage is for once deeply interested. Ladies cease chatting, heads crane forward to see the runners, whilst the favorities are loudly cheered.

"Bellamy! Bellamy! Bellamy!"

Buller, Smith, Marshall, and Turner are also all encouraged by their numerous supporters.

But it is a stern chase. Tompkins and Harrison, of the Fleetwood Harriers, press their best runners hard; and outsiders begin to think that these two will come in at the end and win.

But where is Williams?

Pegging steadily away. Last to begin with; then creeping up, and up; but entirely unperceived by the agitated throng.

Only Tompkins says to himself—

"Confound that young scamp! He means mischief."

And now the excitement has reached fever heat. It is the last lap. Bellamy, Marshall, Buller, Tompkins, and Harrison are within a few yards of each other.

Half way round the lap Bellamy falls back—the pace has been too much for him; and Tompkins and Harrison are drawing ahead yard by yard from Marshall and Buller. An honest perceptible groan of despair goes through that surging mass. Their hopes are departing. Then suddenly a cry is raised of "Williams!"

Louder and louder it gathers force.

The despised Blackie is coming on at a tremendous pace.

Entering the straight; he is level with Marshall and Buller. He has passed them. He is level with Harrison. He has passed him too.

"Wonderful!"

"Williams! Williams! Williams!"

"He'll win it yet!"

And strive though Tompkins does, his hardest and his best, it is useless. Williams shoots by him thirty yards from the tape, amidst the most vociferous shouting that ever greeted victor in the history of the college.

* * * * * *

"Well, he deserved it. He is a good boy and true," said the head master.

And if you ask now for the most brilliant boy in the record of the college, the unfailing reply is, "Charles Williams"—otherwise "Blackie."

DENTIST OF WILD BEASTS.

WHEN I was first summoned to draw a lion's tooth, I obeyed the call with an air of confidence which I was very far from feeling.

I found the king of beasts as surly as he could be, but it was evident that he was suffering great agony. Two of the attendants of the menagerie were placed at my disposal. They had been accustomed to work among the big cats for years, and knew no fear.

At my directions they threw the lion on his side and bound him so that it was impossible for him to move, much less to show fight.

A performer of the rope trick could hardly have escaped from such bonds. Then they forced the poor brute's mouth open while I inserted wedges of wood to keep the jaws apart.

All this unwarrantable liberty—as he must have thought it—of course filled my leonine patient with frightful rage, none the less terrible that he could not give it voice.

I found that it was not a case of toothache but of overgrown tooth. If a lion is not regularly supplied with enough bones to scrunch and gnaw, it often happens that some of his teeth, the canines especially, grow to an abnormal size and lacerate the opposite jaw. It was an instance of such growth with which I had now to deal.

With the aid of a file I soon reduced the tooth to its proper size. It was interesting to remark how the animal quieted down while the operation was going on, and when the wedges were taken out, and he could feel the repaired tooth with his tongue, he rapidly became perfectly calm and docile.

Perhaps I ought to explain that the dentist who proposes to lay himself out for practice amongst wild beasts must possess other qualifications besides the merely technical or scientific knowledge of teeth. Manual dexterity and a good strong wrist, are, of course, useful; but coolness and presence of mind are really indispensable. There's nothing puts a wild beast out so much as fussiness on the one hand, or nervous fear on the other.

One of the most extraordinary patients I ever had was a hippopotamous. It had been ailing for a week, refusing food, and groaning day and night.

Whenever its keeper came near it, it opened its mouth and put out its tongue. Thinking the creature was begging for a carrot, apple, or other titbit, he threw some of these dainties down its throat, but they were always rejected.

So he sent for me to examine its teeth. The hippo was a model sitter. It never moved till I touched the bad tooth; then it groaned and licked the tusk.

I next got a huge pair of powerful pincers, and some ether to deaden the pain. The keeper attached the pincers to a steel chain and a stout rope, which was passed over a heavy beam in the stable.

Then I rubbed the creature's gums with the pain-killer to destroy all sensation for awhile. After that I applied the pincers, and screwed them down till, I believe, they would have raised a ton.

"Ready?" I asked, looking round at my assistants. The keeper nodded,

"Pull, then," I said; "steady, and all together. Now!"

There was a great strain for half a minute, then a wrench, instantly followed by a yielding of the jaw, and in another moment a huge tooth was dangling overhead.

What a world of thanks seemed to be conveyed in the poor hippo's tremendous grunt! It plunged into its tank, and in due time the bleeding stooped. Within an hour it was feeding again quite naturally.

Whenever its keeper drew near, it tried to rub its slimy head against him, and its queer, stumpy tail wriggled with a joy that was plainly otherwise inexpressible.

I may say that the tooth was eight inches and a half long, and ulcerated from the bottom of the roots to nearly the very edge of the gum. What that hippo must have suffered!

"He extracted a fang from the jaws of a hyena" would, in my opinion, form the most eulogistic epitaph that could be "graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn," where lies all that is mortal of an animal dentist.

It was once my fortune to attend a hyena whose physical weakness alone rendered my task easy, for its character for viciousness was known far and wide.

The hideous creature, in crushing a bone, smashed it into splinters, one of which penetrated the jaw to a depth of at least four inches. In due course inflammation set in, and in a couple of days the brute was mad with pain.

The keeper, ignorant of the accident, did not know what was wrong, and as he never entered the cage except when armed and accompanied by other attendants when the hyena was in its normal state, you may imagine that he was somewhat reluctant to face it in its present frenzied condition.

As it was, he spent the best part of forty-eight hours in front of the cage trying to assuage the beast.

On the third day, the hyena, now so weak that it could scarcely stand, crawled to the bars of the cage and appeared to cry for the keeper. Then the poor, enfeebled animal opened its mouth and disclosed a number of truly shocking wounds.

The keeper sent for me at once. I procured a pair of unusually strong forceps, and then, bidding several of the men stand around the den in case I should be attacked, I entered the cage along with the keeper.

The hyena turned round towards us, but without any snarling—in fact, it was far too weak to be troublesome—and opened its mouth.

Seizing the splinter with the forceps, I gave a tremendous tug, and had the satisfaction of pulling the wretched splinter entirely out of the gum.

You do not need to be told that throughout this operation the hyena must have endured the most exquisite pain.

The keeper sponged the poor mouth with warm water, and the hyena soon became itself again, with one important exception.

For whereas the keeper, as I have said, had hitherto dared not approach it unarmed and without help at hand, ever afterwards it exhibited great affection for him.

Indeed, singular as it may seem, it has been my invariable experience that even ferocious animals are capable of showing their appreciation, by altered conduct to their benefactors, of acts of kindness which have powerfully impressed them—such as are often performed by the dentist in their dens.

HIGH IDEALS.—We are right in deploring the distance that exists between our life as it is and as we know it ought to be; but we should have still greater cause for sorrow did we find our conceptions of purity, love, truth, and goodness fading from our minds. Those who simply hold these ideas in an indolent and self-indulgent way, never transforming them into action or infusing them into daily life, will soon lose them altogether. Their continuance depends upon the use that is made of them. They are not simply to be admired, reverenced, and cherished—they are to be obeyed. If we do not render them this obedience, they will flit from us sooner or later and leave us poor indeed.

THE famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is the physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. Not one stirs until the "amen" is spoken.

"WHY is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" said a schoolmaster to a young scapegrace who had caused him much trouble by his bad conduct. "Because," said a young hopeful, looking up into his face, "we wasn't much acquainted then."

I HAVE HEARD

BY J. H. ECCLES.

Mother, I have heard sweet music
Floating round me as I lay,
Like the songs of angels singing
From the bright land far away;
And I felt such joy and gladness
As I listen'd to each strain;
Mother, do you think they'll ever
Come and sing to me again?

Mother, I have heard sweet music,
That would melt the hardest heart,
And to the tired and weary-worn
Would a soothing balm impart;
And I felt such joy and gladness
As I listen'd to each strain;
Mother, do you think they'll ever
Come and sing to me again?

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.

The variability of human morality is curiously reflected in the penal laws of various ages and countries. In Holland, for instance, it was a capital offence to kill a stork; and, in England, to cut down another man's cherry-tree. Idleness was punishable in Athens, but commendable in Sparta; and in Mexico, while a slander was only deprived of his ears or his lips, a drunken man or woman was stoned to death.

Plato and Aristotle commended infanticide as a valuable social custom, and Plutarch, Seneca, and other ancient moralists advocated suicide under certain given circumstances.

Modern moralists condemn both practices without exception; and, according to English law, if two persons agree to commit suicide together, and only one of them succeeds, the survivor is liable to be tried and executed for murder.

In England, before the Conquest, slaves suffered mutilation or death for very trifling offences; while the nobles could commit even murder and be quit of their offence for a fine and some paltry compensation to the family of the murdered man. At the present day it is our boast that we have one law for rich and poor alike, and that we do not mutilate nor, except in cases of murder, do we kill our criminals.

Among our Saxon and Danish ancestors almost every punishment could be commuted for a money payment; but those offenders who were poor were very barbarously treated. They were branded and deprived of hands, and feet, and tongue, their eyes were plucked out, nose, ears, and upper lips were cut off, scalps were torn away, and sometimes the whole body was flayed alive.

In the early part of the tenth century, a female slave who had committed theft was burnt alive, and a free woman was either thrown over a precipice, or drowned. A man slave was stoned to death by eighty other slaves, and when a female slave was burnt for stealing from any but her own lord, eighty other female slaves attended the execution, each bearing a log for the fire.

By Ethelbert's laws, not only did every man have a price, but every part of a man had its specified price. The wergild, or price of the corpse, of a ceorl was two hundred shillings; of a lesser thane, six hundred shillings; and of a royal thane, twelve hunured.

It appears to have been a common practice for men, in those days, to settle their disputes by knocking one another's teeth out, and the law laid down a scale of compensation, according to which a front or a canine tooth cost six shillings, while a molar might be knocked out for one shilling, until Alfred was considerate enough to raise the price to fifteen.

If a man could be satisfied with breaking an opponent's rib, he was only fined three shillings, but a broken thigh would cost him twelve; while, singularly enough, the loss or a beard was estimated at no less than twenty shillings. The last seems a very heavy penalty when it is remembered that a man might have knocked out his enemy's eye for a matter of a fifty-shilling fine.

William the Conqueror was averse to hanging, or otherwise killing criminals; but it could hardly have been on humanitarian grounds, for he enacted that "their eyes be plucked out, or their hands chopped off, so that nothing may remain of the culprit but a living trunk, as a memorial of his crime."

Under Henry the First, coiners of false money were punished by the loss of their right hands, and other mutilations of various kinds were in common use.

In 1160 we hear of heretics who had refused to abjure their faith being handed over by the Church to the civil authorities, to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, have their clothes torn off from the waist up, and be whipped through the public streets. Boycotting was at that time a legal practice, whatever it may be now, for the said heretics were not only forbidden to worship as they desired, but forbidden to enter the houses of orthodox believers, or even to purchase the necessaries of life.

The popular notion of the Crusaders, as an army of Bayards, "sans peur et sans reproche," is hardly consistent with the code of criminal law which Richard Cœur de Lion enacted for the especial behoof of those with whom he set out for Holy Palestine.

If any one of them were convicted of theft, boiling pitch was to be poured over him, then a pillow full of feathers shaken over him, and he was to be abandoned at the first port the vessel touched.

Whoever killed another on board ship, was to be tied to the corpse and cast into the sea; whoever killed another on shore was to be tied to the corpse and buried with it.

A blow was to be punished by three duckings in the sea, and the use of the knife in a quarrel caused the aggressor to lose one of his hands.

The fourteenth century custom of punishing a London baker who gave short weight is an instance in point. The delinquent had a loaf of his own bread hung round his neck, and was exposed, to be pelted by his defrauded customers, in the pillory. For a third offence his oven would be pulled down, and he compelled to abjure trade in the city for ever.

Similarly, in a story of retaliatory punishment told by Sir Walter Scott, is poetical justice. A poor widow, who had received some injury from the head of her clan, determined to walk from Ross to Edinburgh to see the King—James the First—and obtain redress. The cruel chief, hearing of her intention, had her brought before him, and, making the brutal jest that she would need to be well shod for her journey, nailed her shoes to her feet. Of course the poor woman's journey was long delayed; but eventually she did go to Edinburgh, and, when James heard the story of her wrongs, he sent for the chief and his accomplices, caused iron soles to be nailed to their feet, exposed them for some time to public derision, and then decapitated them.

The body fashions itself more or less after the intents of the minds. Just as a man's character gradually stamps itself upon his face, so, literally, does his habitual conduct impress itself upon each organ and tissue of his body. In order to perfect health, then, it is clear that we must begin in the region of the intellect.

Grains of Gold.

People often think themselves above things which in reality are above them.

The right law must be written on the heart—all one thing with the life's love.

We always like those who admire us, but we do not always like those whom we admire.

Discontent is a sharp sword which cuts in twain the thread of life; but cheerfulness will destroy its edge.

Nature will not give to man her highest rewards except on the condition of the highest use of a capable intellect.

No marble monument is required to record the memory of him whose soul delighted itself in marble deeds.

Books are among man's truest consolers. In the hour of affliction, trouble, or sorrow, he can turn to them with confidence and trust.

He who is ashamed of asking proper information on a point on which he is instructed takes the surest method to make himself a lifelong prisoner in the castle of ignorance.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from precious labor; and, if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

We have too low an estimate of human nature when we imagine that it will respond only to self-interest. It is rather that we have not faith enough in the truth, and have not learned the secret of inspiring noble motives and pure desires.

The life principles must be deeply set; there must be the clean heart and the sound mind; there must be an all-mastering love of good; there must be a well-established and well-administered inward government not dependent on human opinions or customs.

Femininities.

White is to be worn this season in every possible form.

A woman at Xenia, Ohio, has twice within a year given birth to twins.

Some of the prettiest fancy buckles are studded with Irish diamonds.

In the society of ladies want of sense is not so unpardonable as want of manners.

It is usually unmarried women who write on the subject of "How to manage a husband."

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

It is peculiar how sound a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make a fire.

Narrow ribbon, interlaced and well boned, furnishes just about as dainty a summer corset as the heart of woman could desire.

First society lady: "Have you heard that Mrs. Jones died last night?" Second society lady: "Is that so? Why, the woman owes me a visit."

Butter or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating.

Quaint kerchiefs of India silk and crepe de Chine, embroidered and fringed, are folded in true Quakeress style over the shoulders of the fashionable beauty.

Miss Tessie Fair, married in San Francisco lately to Herman Oelrich, wore a bridal veil that cost $3000. The wedding dress was of the most superb quality of ivory-white satin and countless lace.

He: "Isn't that bunch of lilies hand some?" She: "Yes, but I should much rather have this bride's bouquet." He: "Will you carry one like it to my wedding?" She: "Go and see papa first."

The average American citizen would turn his back on the greatest man that this world ever produced to look at a pretty eighteen-year-old girl with a new Spring suit on and with a dimple in her chin.

A.: "There is a sort of sympathy between extremes." B.: "I don't precisely understand what you mean." "Well, for instance, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty woman's foot."

Small cut crystals, such as were used upon old French embroidery, are being sought after by industrious fair ones. These glistening bits of beauty are fastened to the work by means of holes pierced in the crystals.

A late eccentricity in the way of an ornament for the evening coiffure is a diamond bracelet, which is placed a little to one side, when a pouf of hair is drawn through it in such a manner as to allow the gems alone to show.

"O, dear, such weather!" exclaimed Gazzam, as he gazed at the perennial rain. "You ought to be thankful that we have any weather at all," replied Mrs. Gazzam, who had been taught to look at the bright side of everything.

A church usher in Boston remarked to a pretty woman who had asked him for a seat: "Certainly, madam; if you will allow me. I should like to give you a seat on the broad aisle. We put the handsome ones there to decorate the church."

A queer old woman in Albany, N. Y., recently changed her mind about making a bank deposit because the teller wouldn't promise to return to her the identical coins which she intended depositing. She had made a list of the dates so that there "would be no mistake."

A woman of St. Paul, Minnesota, the mother of three young children, after trying about a dozen nurse girls with very unsatisfactory results, advertised for a boy to take care of her children. She obtained one, and he possessed more good qualities than all the nurse girls combined, giving perfect satisfaction.

Miss Eva McFadden, of Oxford, this State, had an adventure with a rat one day recently. She took a loaf of bread from the pantry, and when about to cut it a rat jumped out of it and scampered around until the family cat settled its capers. The rodent had eaten a hole into the loaf and ensconced itself therein.

At Saco, Me., on a recent evening, a party who had spent an hour and a half in serenading a newly married couple and in vainly trying to get the groom to respond, were at last thanked for their music by the bridegroom's father, who informed them that his son and daughter-in-law were in a neighboring village.

"Yes," sighed the disappointed mother, "I brought up my son very carefully and piously. As soon as he was old enough I got him to join the church, and made him give me his solemn promise that, when he married, he would marry a Christian woman." "And didn't he?" "No; he married one of the girls of the choir."

An Englishman claims to have produced a "phone" which magnifies the human voice until an ordinary whisper can be heard half a mile away. With such a "phone" a woman ought to be able to make her 12-year-old son, who is playing marbles in the street, hear her when she calls him to perform an errand—but it wouldn't be safe to bet on it.

Mrs. Mary Frohman, of New York, "put out a big washing" the day her husband died. Afterward she had the parlor window shades drawn up and placed in the window pictures of herself and husband, draped in red, white and blue. In the basement window were displayed a pair of scales and a bologna sausage, also draped in red, white and blue.

The queen of fashion has put into the deft fingers of the embroiderer precious stones and metals cut in every device known to the skill of the designer. A wonderful piece of handicraft is to be found upon a tablier of silky white net, mother-of-pearl, each piece standing for the petal of a flower, being combined with pinked out spangles in shining silver.

Masculinities.

Herbert Spencer has been writing for 48 years.

Some who pose as self-made men relieve their Creator of a great responsibility.

It seems perfectly natural that cudgeling one's brains should cause one's head to ache.

Castor: "I'm saving up enough money to pay for a suit of clothes?" Pollux: "Why don't you order it first?"

"That boy's a natural thief. I know of but two things he won't take," "What?" "Advice and castor oil."

Smith: "What! moving again, Jones?" Jones, gloomily, "Yes." Smith: "Had a fire in the house?" Jones: "No, a fire out of the house."

Walter Haynes, of Brimfield, Me., who celebrated his 100th birthday nearly a year ago, spent his spare time one week recently by riding a horse to plow.

A St. Paul gambler's life was saved from a fatal bullet by poker chips in his pocket. The incident points several morals, none of them, however, as moral as could be desired.

The King of Italy's health, since the death of his brother, the Duke of Aosta, has caused considerable anxiety. Nothing can rouse him from his state of profound melancholy.

Travis: "Say, De Smith, did you know it had leaked out that Von Mouldshein is a man of rank in his own country?" De Smith: "No; but I might have guessed it from his cigars."

Every tenement window in New York has its flowers and flower-pots nowadays, and yet the city's only flower market is in a dirty, inaccessible place across the street from a garbage dump.

Captain Alborno has discovered on the Gran Chaco, in the Argentine Republic, a man who has two perfect horns, like those of a stag, on his forehead. He is probably a horny-handed son of toil.

Ponsby, to tailor: "I should think you'd be tired standing up all day cutting out garments." Tailor: "I don't mind that. What makes me tired is to be stood up for six months for the payment of a suit of clothes."

Marguerite, sobbing: "No, father; I cannot marry that man; he is red-headed." Father, soothingly: "Tut, tut, my child; don't you see that he is getting bald? It will not be long before he will not have red hair."

Quickly arranged. Old Milton: "What! Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of school dresses yet. She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir." Young Poorchap: "Oh, that's all right. I'll live here."

"It is love that makes the world go round." So Luvvidav remarked before marriage. A few years subsequent to that event he was heard to bemoan the fact that love wasn't sufficiently potent to make the bread and butter go round also.

The Pope's resident physician follows his Holiness about almost like his shadow, and is forever going to and fro, with a thermometer in his hand, looking out for the slightest breath of an intrusive draught that might venture to blow rudely.

"My husband has been gone nearly three hours from the house and I can't for the life of me imagine what has become of him." "Perhaps he has gone fishing." "Oh! no, he hasn't gone fishing, for the whisky flask is on the dining-room table."

Aunt Kate: "What has become of that Mr. Scoter? Is it all up between him and you, Hettie?" "Well, aunt, I'll own that at one time I did think him kind o' nice; but one really can't respect a man after one has caught him searching the family register in the big Bible."

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists, at an expense of something like $10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private edition de luxe, each one being labeled "My Personal Copy," and occupying a prominent place in his library.

Archbishop Ireland, of Minneapolis, has been elected a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. In acknowledging the honor he said that among the dearest memories of his life were the days when he followed the Stars and Stripes on the battlefield, as Chaplain of the First Minnesota.

Worry kills more than work. The appetite for millions keeps a man on the keen jump and knocks his tissues into a cocked hat. By the time he gets all he wants he finds out that he doesn't know what he does want, and so tumbles into apoplexy and gives his impatient heirs a chance.

Yabsley, in a doctor's office: "And, just to think, that skeleton was once the frame of an animated sentient human being! That hollow, empty skull was once filled with brains like mine!" Dr. Howless: "Come, come, Yabsley, that is hardly fair. Naught but good should be spoken of the dead, you know."

"Girl babies are in demand," said the matron of a foundling's home recently. "If you want to place a child for adoption you will have no trouble as long as the child is a girl." "Have boys gone out of fashion?" "No, no. Boys will be boys, you know. But somehow the popular fancy seems to run toward a girl."

John McLean, a Canadian, aged 27 years, just examined for appointment on the New York police, is pronounced a perfect man. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height, blonde complexion, clear eyes and weighs 190 pounds. According to tested appliances he lifted 1350 with his legs and 500 with his back. His calves measure 18 inches.

Through all history, from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs have fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fall, recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in the confidence of their cause.

Recent Book Issues.

"Clara Moreland," by Emerson Bennett, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, in their New Twenty-five Cent Series, is a powerfully written romance. The characters are boldly drawn, the plot striking, the incidents replete with thrilling interest, and the language and descriptions natural and graphic.

"Black Beauty." By Anna Sewell. American Humane Education Society, publishers, 19 Milk street, Boston. This work written in an autobiographical form, tells of a horse, his grooms and companions, and is designed to do for the animal kingdom what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for mankind. It is written in the interest of dumb beasts and is a plea for their good treatment. Over ninety thousand copies have been sold in England, and humanitarians have been active in distributing it in this country. Price 12 cents. By mail 20 cents.

"Bella's Blue Book" is "the story of an ugly woman" as the heroine puts it. It is by the able German author Marie Calm, and is well translated by Mr. J. W. Davis. The main idea of the tale is that the heroine's father presents her with a blue bound diary in which she records the story of her life and her love. The notion gives good opportunity for interesting effects and whether as a clever bit of writing, or an interesting novel, the book is equally commendable. Splendidly printed, illustrated and bound. Worthington Co., New York, publishers. For sale at Wilson's 8, 11th street.

"The Feet of Love" is a novel by Anne Reeve Aldrich. Its character is implied in its somewhat odd title. This rouses expectation that the story itself more than realizes. While bordering on the modern society novel, where liveliness of plot and incident is subordinated to description of character, it still contains enough of the real picturesque and romantic to make an exceptionally entertaining story. The clergyman, Paul Wolfe, is a particularly well-drawn delineation. Beautifully printed and illustrated. Bound in cloth and gold. Worthington & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Nature's Serial Story" by E. P. Roe, forms No. 12 of Dodd, Mead & Co's. "Library Fiction." This book in the form of a connected tale appeals heartily to every one who loves a country life and puts its beauties charmingly before those who are as yet strangers to it. The author has written his book in a loving spirit, and there is not a scene drawn, nor a bird or beast described, nor an incident told that is not or could not be drawn from real facts. It is a good, healthy, useful pleasant story and bears its own best recommendation with it. Dodd, Mead & Co., Boston, publishers. Price 50 cents.

"Fact and Theory Papers" are a new series of pamphlet form publications good in every way. The first issued is "The Suppression of Consumption," by G. W. Hambleton, M. D. of London, England. The Doctor is one of the leading physicians of the world and his little book is devoted to showing how this dread disease can be prevented. It is full of facts and wisdom. The second work of the series is "The Society and The Fad" by Appleton Morgan. It is a little skit upon the tendency of would-be fashionable and intellectual people to take up with a new idea without asking whether sense, utility, or pleasure is behind it. Published by N. D. C. Hodges, Lafayette Place, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

A striking feature of the June *Century* is the begining of an anonymous novel called "The Anglomaniacs," which promises to be a story of unusual interest. The story is evidently written by one who knows well the situation. The illustration by C. D. Gibson are a charming accompaniment to the text. The number opens with an article by Albert Shaw, whose paper on "Glasgow" recently attracted so much attention, entitled "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces." It is profusely illustrated. John La Farge's Japanese letter this month describes the beautiful temple of Iyemitsu. Walter Camp's illustrated paper on "Track Athletics in America" is timely and of general interest. Joseph Jefferson this month tells of "The Keans in Australia," and two beautiful full page pictures are given of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in character. Edward Atkinson has a timely paper on "Comparative Taxation." The Life of Lincoln has a sequel in this number consisting of numerous memoranda of great interest and value. There are short illustrated stories by Arlo Bates and Octave Thanet, several good poems, and fresh departments.

OF RED HAIR.

The prejudice against red hair is both ancient and wide spread. For centuries the popular mind throughout Europe has associated hair of this unlucky color with untrustworthiness and deceit.

The sentiment of dislike and distrust is found continually cropping up in all the older literature.

It did not pass altogether without rebuke. Writers on vulgar errors occasionally denounced the prejudice, and a Gascon writer and soldier of the seventeenth century, the author of various humorous and satirical pieces, boldly praised and glorified the despised color. His work on the "States and Empires of the Sun" was translated into English, and in it he says that:

"A brave head covered with red hair is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, yet many speak ill of it, because few have the honor to be so."

And again, that flaxen hair, betokens fickleness, and black obstinacy; but between both, he says, is the medium:

"Where wisdom in favor of red haired men hath lodged virtue, so their flesh is much more delicate, their blood more pure, their spirits more clarified, and consequently their intellect more accomplished, because of the mixture of the four qualities."

At the present day in some places it is considered unlucky for a red haired man to be the first to enter a new house. There is also a notion that if such a man be the first to enter a house on New Year's morning, ill luck will surely follow, and will probably result in a death in the house before the end of the year.

The popular prejudice seems to have originated in the tradition that Judas Iscariot was red headed. There is a further tradition that the rebellious Absalom's was of the obnoxious color; but it is hardly necessary to go beyond Judas for the origin of the feeling. Most of the old painters represent the traitorous Apostle with hair of the traditional color. There is one notable exception, however, for, in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Judas has black hair. The adjective, "Judas-haired," and similar allusive phrases, frequently occur in old writers.

In "As You Like It," Rosalind says of Orlando: "His very hair is of the dissembling color;" to which Celia replies: "Something browner than Judas's."

Although the traditional reason for the obnoxiousness of the color has probably died out of popular recollection, red hair still remains the subject of vulgar reproach and sarcasm. The taunting cry of "ginger" or "carrots" is familiar to the ear attuned to catch the echoes of the street. "Mahogany top" is a similar term of reproach. "Carrots" and "carroty" are found frequently in literature from the middle of the seventeenth century to our own time. In the 'Book of Snobs,' the terrible old Lady Clapperclaw pours contempt upon the daughter of her rival, poor Blanche Muggins, with her "radish of a nose, and, her carrots of ringlets." In Ireland "foxy" is a more common term.

Notwithstanding the odium that may naturally be supposed to have attached to red hair in times past on account of its association with Judas, yet the same color of beard seems sometimes to have been regarded with more kindly eyes. It was the mode in Elizabethan times to color the beard, and red would appear to have been a fashionable tint.

The custom, like other fashionable absurdities, was ridiculed on the boards of the theatres.

Burbage, the famous actor of Shakespearan times, was known as the "red-haired Jew," because, in his performance of Shylock, hair and beard of fiery hue formed prominent features in his "make-up." Tradition adds that he also donned a long and hooked false nose and a tawny petticoat, and thus arrayed, delighted the vulgar tastes of the gallery folk: but there is no good authority for the statement, and the story is highly improbable. Ben Jonson had hair of the ruddy hue. When, in the course of explorations amongst the vaults beneath Westminster Abbey, made in 1859, the remains of "Rare Ben" were discovered, a few hairs, undoubtedly red, were still to be seen adhering to the skull. Shakespeare's hair is usually described as auburn; but it was perhaps dangerously near the more pronounced color.

The Chinaman alludes in his own language to the detested foreigner as the "red-haired man," or sometimes "red-haired devil."

SPOKEN BY THE CARDS.—The presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in Victoria reminds the town crier of an incident that occurred in Victoria on the occasion of the visit of the Marquis of Lorne to that city nine years since. There was a procession, among other festivities, and in the crowd of celebrants was a long, lean young man who was born in Yamhill county, Oregon, and who was away from home for the first time. He had heard that Lady Lorne, the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, was the daughter of the Queen, and was very anxious to see her. Finally some one, in the crowd, said when the Marquis of Lorne and his noble wife swept by in an open carriage, drawn by four horses:

"There's the Marquis and his wife, the daughter of Queen Victoria, sitting along side of him."

"Where! where!" said the excited Yamhiller, at the same time pulling four cards out of his pocket, and gazing at Mrs. Lorne and the four cards alternately.

"Why there in the carriage."

"Yer can't fool me. She's no Queen's darter. I won't have it. Why she don't look a bit like any one of these. She would if she war a real Queen," he exclaimed angrily, at the same time flaunting in the face of the spectators the queens of hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds, taken from a common pack of playing cards.

A patriotic Englishman argued with the young Yamhiller for a half hour, and when he got through all the satisfaction he could get was:

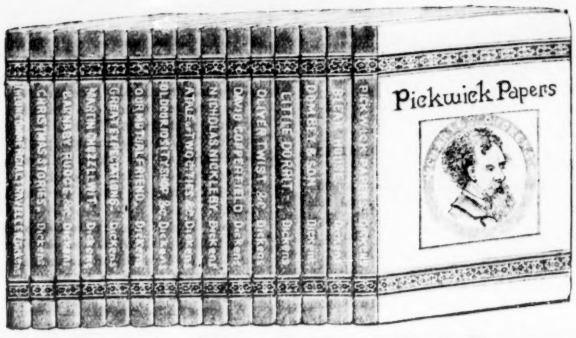
"I know a queen when I see her; you can't fool me. I'm no ijeet, if I am from Yamhill.

WHISTLING FOR SEALS.—In a letter to the "American Naturalist," E. F. Payne, of Toronto, records an interesting fact, which often came under his notice during a prolong stay at Hudson's Strait. "Here," he says, "the Eskimo might often be seen lying at full length at the edge of an ice-floe, and, although no seals could be seen, they persistently whistled in a low note similar to that often used in calling tame pigeons, or, if words can express my meaning, like a plaintive phe-ew, few-few, the first note being prolonged at least three seconds. If there were any seals within hearing distance they were invariably attracted to the spot, and it was amusing to see them lifting themselves as high as possible out of the water and slowly shaking their heads as though highly delighted with the music. Here they would remain for some time, until one, perhaps more venturesome than the rest, would come within striking distance of the Eskimo, who, starting to his feet with gun or harpoon, would often change the seal's tune of joy to one of sorrow, the others making off as rapidly as possible. The whistling had to be continuous, and was more effective if performed by another Eskimo a short distance back from the one lying motionless at the edge of the ice. I may add that the experiment was often tried by myself with the same result."

TIRED IN THE MORNING.—It is a good thing to have a room well ventilated; but ventilation is not all that is to be desired. The tired feeling in the morning may be due to an overweight of bed-covering; it may be due to malarial poison, or to over-exertion during the day. Try another sleeping-room, one story higher if possible. At this season it is well to be very moderate in the use of heavy food, particularly in the evening, and to eat a great deal of sound fruit.

FREE! FREE!

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS!



Good Paper! Clear Print! Neat Binding!

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens Novels has heretofore been $10.00. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

15 Handsomely Made, Convenient Sized Books.

Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing and every person should own a full set of his works. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. No person is well read who has not perused his works.

HOW TO GET THEM.

Send us six (6) *three months* trial subscribers at 50 cents each and we will send you the entire 15 Volumes free of all charges as a premium.

If preferred a complete set of 25 *Waverly Novels* in 12 Volumes will be sent instead of Dickens' Works.

A trial subscriber is a New One, and must be a person who is not now on our subscription list.

NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These VOLUMES are each about 5x7¼ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. NOT CONDENSED OR ABRIDGED.

Never before has the opportunity been presented for securing so much valuable reading matter for so small an amount, or with as little trouble. Ask six of your acquaintances to try THE POST *three months* or 13 weeks. Send us their names and addresses with 50 cents for each, and secure a complete set of either Dickens or Waverly Novels. Send in your order at once.

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

THEY ALL DO IT.

Two women leaned over the back-yard fence
(The same old fence) as the sun went down,
While each told the other, in confidence,
The scandals she'd gathered around the town.
For women must gossip, or they can't sleep,
Their idea is that secrets weren't made to keep,
So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,
In the evening glow as the sun went down;
They told how their children had skipped the croup,
And they sneered at the minister's wife's new gown.
For women delight in a friendly chat,
Without it their lives would be stale and flat;
So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming.

Two husbands came home from the baseball game
(From the office, they said), as the sun went down,
Both ready and eager to hear the same
Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down.
For men, though they work, love gossip, too,
And that's why their wives seek something new
As they meet and talk in the gloaming.
—U. N. NONE.

Country seat—The milking stool.

Unspeakably happy—Deaf and dumb wives.

People who never come to words—The deaf and dumb.

Adam was perhaps the first man who deemed marriage a failure.

Why is a dog's tail like a very old man?—Because it is on its last legs.

Whatever Noah's shortcomings, he knew enough to go in when it rained.

An old saw judiciously amplified. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—examine him all over.

When a man starts out to lecture he puts on a dress suit. A woman with the same purpose in view puts on her night-gown.

Mary obliges. Mistress: "Mary, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." Mary: "All right, mum; I'll pull down the blinds."

Fashion has been cleverly hit off as "an arbitrary disease which leads all geese to follow in single file the one goose that sets the style."

A schoolboy, asked to define the word "son," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry, and it bursts out itself."

Edna: "I wonder why the dudes wear one eye-glass?"

Deborah: "To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend."

Coal dealer: "Has Biggins taken any action on that bill of his yet?" Collector: "Yes, a little. He kicked me down stairs the last time I called, and the bill with me."

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position?—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

His only bent. Editor, to applicant for position: "But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?"

Applicant, dubiously: "N-no, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bow-legged."

Mrs. Toto, strictly temperate: "Why, you know, Mr. Lusher, that I am so conscientious in my temperate principles that I never allow my cook to put brandy in the mince pies!" Lusher: "It does you credit, madam—great credit. I agree with you. It does seem like a waste of good liquor to put it into pies."

GOOD MERCHANTS know that it is the best policy to give their customers reliable standard goods, rather than substitute some inferior make, just to get a larger profit. When a salesman tells you that some other waist is "about as good as the Ferris, 'Good Sense' Waist," be sure to examine the "Good Sense" before you buy the imitation.

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

"I never travel without your READY RELIEF. It is a grand medicine for a sudden attack of Sore Throat, and for Sprains and Bruises it has no equal." J. E HUNT, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia.

"You can't claim too much for your READY RELIEF." LEMUEL C. MAUPIN, Free Union, Va.

"Fifteen years ago your medicines were introduced to me and I have never been sorry for it. The READY RELIEF has saved me many aches and pains." ALBERT FRANK, Caseville, Mich.

"My wife has found your READY RELIEF to be the best, the quickest and cheapest for Neuralgia. She also keeps our children in splendid health by the use of your pills." EDWARD SWARDEN, Fort Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, N. W. T.

"We are never without your medicines in our home. Have used them for 24 years." Mrs. SARAH J. JAMES, Amherst, Ont.

"I thank God and you for your READY RELIEF and PILLS, which have cured me completely of Influenza." W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

Summer Complaints,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Cholera Morbus, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms.

FEVER AND AGUE;

Radway's Ready Relief.

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink and eat a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever or Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Breast, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Send stamp for postage to RADWAY & CO., New York, for our book of advice.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

One person in each **locality** can earn a good stock-bag of **gold** at work for us during the next few months. Some earn **$240** a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary; capital not required. We start you. Either sex; young or old. You are paid at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $1000 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed free to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 488, PORTLAND, MAINE.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WHY DO MOTHERS

put stiff Corsets on their GROWING CHILDREN? We beg of you don't do it, but

Be sure to buy FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS.

Thousands now in use.

BEST for HEALTH, Economy and Beauty.

BUTTONS at front instead of Clasps.

Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters.

Tape-fastened Buttons—*won't pull off.*

Cord-Edge Button Holes—*won't wear out.*

—FIT ALL AGES—
Infants to Adults.

Sold by

Leading RETAILERS

everywhere. Send for circular.

FERRIS BROS.
Manufacturers,
341 Broadway, New York.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago,
WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED

ANCIENT EDITION.

A so-called "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" is being offered to the public at a very low price. The body of the book, from A to Z, is a cheap reprint, page for page, of the edition of 1847, which was in its day, a valuable book, but in the progress of language for over FORTY YEARS, has been completely superseded. It is now reproduced, broken type, errors and all, by photo-lithograph process, is printed on cheap paper and flimsily bound. A brief comparison, page by page, between the reprint and the latest and enlarged edition, will show the great superiority of the latter. These reprints are as out of date as a last year's almanac. No honorable dealer will allow the buyer of such to suppose that he is getting the Webster which to-day is accepted as the Standard and THE BEST,—every copy of which bears our imprint as given below.

☞ **If persons who have been induced to purchase the "Ancient Edition" by any misrepresentations will advise us of the facts, we will undertake to see that the seller is punished as he deserves.**

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Inscriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted (either sex) in their localities in the world. Business Free. Address J. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the pieces accurately and without the aid from it. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—the number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child of 10 can say its A, B, C and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye" can play it after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for six popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Parisians seem to be using plenty flowers on their evening dress loops of flowers adorn the front breadths, and keep the frilled chiffon in its place. Chiffon is now made with a border, which does away with the trouble of hemming.

Flower fans are most popular; and I recommend to the notice of young girls those which have a straight line of heath carried down each rib of ivory, this same ivory colored to match the flower and the bows on the handle. Pink and mauve are the two prettiest colorings, and they have the merit of folding up into a pretty form, showing all the flowers massed together.

French hats are set well back on the head, so that they form an aureole round the face; and the upstanding brim is trimmed with flowers and lace. As often as not, there is no crown at all. Very few of the bonnets have any crowns; the loops of hair now placed on the head are drawn through the aperture, which is surrounded by roses or ribbon or other blooms. Bright pink roses are intermixed with apple-green, narrow ribbon velvet, which forms the universal strings. The mushroom form is a favorite one for summer hats, and its name tells its own story.

Great balls of jet form the head of pins used for fastening two bows standing up at the back of the crown. Crinoline is now a favorite material, which is pleated into open designs, or more frequently crocheted It is thus applied to red gauze or crepe, forming the edge; for most hats and bonnets are bordered, the latter frequently with rows of leaves. Dragon-flies and butterflies hover over many of the millinery triumphs of this season. The butterflies are mostly made in wired lace, which must be good in quality, or they look most shabby.

Green is certainly the favorite color in millinery—light, vivid and summer-like greens; and with green gauze, yellow forget-me-nots are blended. Green wheat are employed for trimming, and you cannot do wrong in having either a Tuscan hat or a Tuscan bonnet. It is a beautiful straw bending with a touch of the hand. Mimosa is largely employed on Tuscan hats, and the flower-maker is most successful in reproducing this light and beautiful bloom. Yellow is next in favor to green—from the lightest tinge of primrose to deep vivid melon.

We are no longer particular as to whether the flowers we wear are in season, and might be gathered in our gardens. Nasturtiums and dahlias divide the honors of the moment with "the flowers that bloom in the spring." Magenta has come back to us—harsh, crude, and unrelenting, but blessed with the merit of brightness.

The plain make of the skirt encourages much embroidery, which, appears chiefly on the front. The gown is of a light spring green cloth, opening over a copper-colored panel at the side. The sleeves and bodice are green. The sleeves are hidden by embroidery, and a pink spray graces the front of the bodice, which opens at the side, and discovers a glimpse of the copper. It fastens with four buttons and loops at the waist.

One style of dress worn is exactly suited to light materials. In the original model it is made in blue and pink, the front of the skirt and bodice is pink; the former has some six flounces and a pointed tunic. The sleeves and revers are blue, likewise the collar band, as well as the rest of the skirt. The wide belt and buckle are distinctive, so are the pretty loops of ribbon at the side carried down to the rosettes. The hat matches, only the front is straw; all the rest is blue, but the pink is recognized in a spray of apple blossoms in front.

Some new fans have their gauze surface partly hidden by silken petals, arranged to form a gigantic rose, with the foliage and buds straying up the uncovered space. The rose is any color, and the fan closes easily.

Pearls are very fashionable, and will be worn as necklaces mounted on velvet as dog collars, and also sewed on velvet or moire ribbon, and encircling low bodices, as those seen in the portraits by Jean Clouet in the fifteenth century.

There are some new glove and handkerchief boxes and cases for holding gloves and handkerchiefs together, delicately perfumed and painted in raised lustra on colored crepe de Chine. Some are square and others oblong, or long and narrow.

For summer, young girls will wear immense black hats, flat as a plate, and loaded down with flowers. The individuality of each will consist in the peculiar convultions of the brim, which is bent and folded, contorted in all varieties of a cocked hat or picturesque Gainsborough effects for some faces, and turned down all around like a lamp shade on others.

Fine habit cloth blazers are edged with gold, silver or black cord, with girdle to match. They come in navy blue, tan, mode black and cream. More costly ones are of fine English worsted serge, edged with gold cord, and some in black and navy blue. Still more costly ones are of fine habit cloth, faced with armure silk, with girdle and cord edge.

Sea costumes now occupy the attention of an immense number of ladies, as the rush across the ocean is increasing. Dark blue serge leads. It stands the moist sea air well, and its color comports with that of the water, and is the typical and practical color as well. All wool plaids in dark colors are also popular, and are made with plain skirts. The waist is box plaited with belt.

Some of the light India cashmere toilets are combined with striped silks that are figured with tiny polka-dots in white or colors. These dresses are made with graceful princesse backs and jacket fronts of the cashmere, with sleeves, fronts and blouse vests of the striped silk. Reseda and cream colored striped silks in these patterns are pretty, with polka dots of English rose.

A great number of handsome gray dresses appear upon the promenade. Some are richly embroidered with steel and silver, with the trimming repeated on the bonnet and sunshade. Others are relieved with white. Gray looks its coolest when combined with white, but thus far the temperature has made the bright-red and nasturtium-colored parasols carried with many gray costumes appear the better choice.

For a speciall full-dress occasion is made a black and white costume of rather unique style. The skirt is entirely of white silk, trimmed with wite silk embroideries. It has a last century coat of black velvet, lined with white brocade. This coat fastens below the chest with a double clasp of jet, but opens broadly below it, showing a jabot and continental frill of fine old Flemish lace. Accompanying this costume is a very odd looking three-cornered hat, which, though handsomely made, looks appropriate only for a fancy-dress party.

To illustrate the fancifulness and brilliancy of the dust cloaks, here is the latest and perhaps the gayest one yet evolved. It is of surah silk in a rich poppy red, with a yoke composed of alternate lengths of black and gold passementerie, and shoulder frills of black satin trimmed with gold lined with red. The cloak is joined to the yoke in gathers, with centre of the back and front and on each shoulder, and is said to have an air of great distinction by the fashion chronicler who reported its glories in a London paper. We should imagine it would distinguish any woman who had the courage to appear in it on car or steamer.

The handsome cotton dresses that are worn for walks and drives in the Park will be popularly worn all day in the country, and even at fashionable watering-places. They are, in many cases, as rich and dainty in effect, and made up with as much care and at as much expense, as a summer silk, and thus take far higher rank than formerly on "dress parade." Ecru batiste is a very popular material this year, the fabric being barred, striped, flowered or bordered. The bodices are made in ways both simple and elaborate, but all the skirts hang full over silk petticoats of the same shade, the batiste dresses having no foundation skirts.

Odds and Ends.

POINTS UPON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Fruit as Medicine.—Grapes come first, especially black grapes, which are most nutritious, and at the same time purifying to the blood. Grape-cures are quite the fashion in some parts of the Continent, and are said to work miracles at times. Peaches also are most hygienic to the human system, as well as being one of the most exquisite fruits in nature. Nothing indeed is more palatable, wholesome, medicinal than a good ripe peach. Peaches however should not be eaten over ripe. They may be eat en at meals or between meals; they are particularly hygienic when eaten at breakfast. An orange eaten before breakfast will, is said, cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. Apples are also very hygienic, especially when baked or stewed. They are excellent in many cases of illness, and are far better than salts, oils, and pills. The juice of oranges, as of lemons, is most valuable to make drinks in case of fever. Tomatoes are also excellent remedies in some liver and gastric complaints, and are certainly more pleasant than medicines. Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time.

Stewed Apples.—Pare and core six or eight apples; put them into a stirup made with half a pound of white sugar, the juice of one lemon, and about a pint of water; simmer the apples till tender, but not broken. Lift out on to a glass dish, and reduce the sirup by rapid boiling. Blanch two ounces of almonds, stick them into the apples. Pour the sirup over them when cool.

Puree of Tomatoes.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them into quarters, and remove the pips and watery substance from each; put them into a saucepan with an onion, plenty of butter, pepper, salt, a laurel-leaf, and some thyme; add a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp. Pass this through a hair-sieve. Put an ounce of butter into a saucepan, and mix with it on the fire two tablespoonfuls flour; as soon as it begins to color, add the tomato-pulp, a little at a time, and keep stirring on the fire until the puree thickens.

Mirotin of Beef.—Take two medium-sized Spanish onions, slice them finely, and then fry them in some clarified beef-dripping until a nice golden color; season with a little pepper and salt; add a bunch of herbs, a little French vinegar, and not quite a pint of good thick brown sauce. Stir all well together, and allow to simmer until the onions are tender, taking care to skim off any fat that may rise to the surface. The sauce should then be passed through a hair sieve. Place a little of it in the dish the mirotin is to be served in, and lay some thinly-cut slices of cold beef on it, then add more sauce, and so on until the dish is full, taking care that the last layer is sauce. Sprinkle a few browned crumbs over the top; then stand the dish in a tin containing hot water, and bake in a moderate over for about twenty minutes. Garnish with vegetables round the edge.

Green Peas.—Shell half a peck of peas, carefully removing all bad ones. Put them into a colander and pour plenty of cold water over them; drain and lay them into a saucepan with boiling water to cover, a little salt, a couple of lumps of sugar, and about half a dozen of the empty pods. Boil for twenty minutes if young peas, rather longer if old; then pour them from the saucepan into the colander again, take out the pods, drain, and serve.

Stewed Beef.—Get a nice piece of gravy beef, and, after trimming it into a neat shape and removing the skin, &c., lard the upper side neatly and tie the whole into shape with broad tape. Line a stewpan with fat bacon, sliced carrots and onion, a bunch of sweet herbs, a bay-leaf, and a few cloves, pepper, and salt; on this lay the meat with the larded side uppermost; moisten with a little good stock from the stock-pot and tomato sauce; cover it with a buttered paper, put on the lid, bring it to the boil, then draw it to the side of the stove, and let it stew gently till done. When it is cooked, set it on a hot dish; crisp the lardoons with a hot shovel or a salamander. Strain the gravy and free it from fat, and serve with neat little heaps of vegetables, or some macaroni and tomato-sauce round the beef.

French Breakfast Rolls.—Make one and a half pints of milk quite warm, add it to half a pint of brewers' yeast, and then add sufficient flour to make it as thick as batter. Put it into a basin, cover it over, and keep it in a warm place. When it has risen as high as it can, add a quarter of a pint of warm water and half an ounce of salt. Mix them well together, and rub into it a little flour and 2oz. of butter. Make the dough not quite so stiff as for bread; let it stand for three quarters of an hour, and then it will be ready to be made into rolls. Let them stand till they have risen, and bake in a quick oven.

Brandy Snaps.—Rub ¼ pound of butter well into ¼ pound of flour; mix with this a little more than a tablespoonful of grated ginger, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a lemon, and 2½ oz. of treacle. Mix all these ingredients into a paste; roll out the mixture very thin on a well floured board, cut it into rounds with a paste cutter, and bake in a moderately heated oven. Before the paste hardens, roll it round a piece of wood kept for the purpose (or your finger) into a cone as quickly as you can, as it soon hardens. Keep the snaps in a air tight tin biscuit box, and they will they keep fresh and crisp for months.

Even before the days of Petruchio it was pretty well known that women like a man who will have his own way.

Confidential Correspondents.

B. B. B.—The law of finding is that the finder has a clear title against everyone but the owner.

E. L. H.—We cannot understand your question about the 800 pounds of coal. Make it plainer.

M. I. C.—We know nothing whatever about the story you mention. Why not write to the paper in which you saw it?

C. W. I.—We can furnish all the story "For Her Alone" except one number. It will not be published in book form.

DISPUTED.—The Twenty-third ward has an area of forty-two square miles. The area of New York city is forty-one square miles.

EX OPERATOR.—Your correction is a good one but to those not knowing the telegraphic alphabet the mistake was quite natural.

MAUDE S.—The word Kindergarten literally means "child's garden"; a Kindergarten school is one where little children are taught by means of amusement, games, &c.

FRIENDS.—Don't have anything to do with any young man unless you are quite sure of your own feelings towards him; you may get yourself into an uncomfortable entanglement if you do.

ISA.—Calls should be paid in the afternoon. Never visit a friend in the forenoon; no one likes to be surprised in the midst of her household avocations. Between three and five is the best time for calling.

ORTHODOX.—Every person's faith is a matter between him and his own conscience, and every person has a right to his own opinions so long as he does no harm by the promulgation of anything injurious to others.

AMOS.—A wedding breakfast is usually the same as any other breakfast party, except that there are usually more cold than hot dishes served, such a jellied fowl and tongue, salad of all sorts and a generous supply of creams, jellies and sweets.

MISS G.—A good spring mattress with a hair cover on the top of it is decidedly the most healthy bed. For an invalid the springs are a necessity; change of position so much more easily secured than on the old fashioned unyielding surfaces.

ROUGE.—Try what the juice of a lemon will do. We have heard of a fresh remedy for sunburn and freckles; we give it for what it is worth:—Bathe the face frequently in strong linseed tea, and, if possible, lay rags wet with the same on it at night.

J. COVERDALE.—It is impossible to say by whom the art of portrait painting was "invented." The origin of profile pictures dates back to 339 B. C. Antigonus, who had only one eye, had his face represented in this fashion to conceal the defect.

UNLOVED.—You can do nothing; very likely the gentleman has never given such a matter a thought, and looks upon you only as his friend's daughter. We should advise you to put him out of your head entirely. It would be very humiliating to you if he found out your sentiments.

SWEET M.—We can only advise you to take plenty of exercise indoors and out, and avoid eating fattening things. Sugar in all forms is especially fattening, so are all malt liquors, and any kind of farinaceous food. Potatoes are also to be avoided by anyone who wishes to reduce the weight.

F. M. S.—If you hold a piece of iron upright upon an anvil or other simillar solid, and strike the iron several smart blows with a hammer, it makes the iron a magnet. Something like this may explain the magnetism in your tools. We never knew a person who could magnetize iron or steel by their bodies but it may not be an impossibility.

NORAH.—As far as we can make out from your letter the young man appears to be amusing himself with you, and is not worth troubling about. We should advise you to forget him as fast as possible and find someone more worthy of a girl's affection. There are plenty of nice young men in the world; you need not throw away your happiness on one like him.

A. B. C.—A young man should be careful he pays a young lady "friendly attentions" in such a way that she may mistake his friendship for love. Flirtation has been defined as "paying attention without intention." If such be the correct definition, nothing could be more cowardly or contemptible than "flirtation;" and we would advise you to stop at once unless your intentions are more serious than they seem to be from your letter.

A. C. R.—A gift is a gift; you cannot therefore demand the return of the ring; we are inclined to think that you should congratulate yourself on being so well quit of a bad bargain; to all appearance you have narrowly escaped a life-shipwreck; as to the other matter, tell your relative that he must not take the law into his own hands; if he does, he will find the penalty a heavy one, and the whole affair will become a public scandal.

A. W.—There is nothing to be alarmed about. You cannot expect to feel an ardent passion constantly, and your cold fit will not be permanent. We do not much believe in the kind of love which resembles a fever. You seem prone to invent trouble. As you grow older, you will learn that the best plan is to take short views of life and shut your eyes to all the more trifling troubles that come to us. One thing is certain, and that is that you cannot break off your engagement on account of a whim. If you found that your married life would be certainly wretched, you might wish for liberty, but there is no evidence to show that there is more than a passing fancy to divide you from the girl whom you have sought in marriage.

P. L. M.—When the Great Eastern was being constructed a pamphlet was published in which it was claimed that the great steamship would exceed the Ark, built by Noah in its dimensions. But it was proved then that the reverse was the fact, the Ark being larger by several hundred thousand cubic feet. A careful measurement of the Great Eastern gave 2,366 242 818 cubic feet for the area of the whole ship. A cubit, according to the best authorities, is equal to 21.888 inches, or 1.824 feet; and we read in Genesis, "Thou shalt make the Ark 300 cubits (or 547 2 feet) long; 50 cubits (or 91 2 feet) broad; 30 cubits (or 54 72 feet) deep." These figures would give about 2,730,782,069 cubit feet for the area of the whole Ark, or 365 539,184 cubic feet more than the Great Eastern.